

Author: Atkinson, Charles L. (?-?) / Edward Duros (?-?)

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1830

Editions: 1830, 1832, 2009

Source text:

Anonymous. 1830. *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. London: Nisbet and Co.
e - text

Access and transcription: January 2014

Number of words: 57,456

Dialect represented: Northumberland

Produced by María F. García - Bermejo Giner and Raquel Fernández
Gil

Copyright © 2014- DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca
N.B. Pages 66, 70, 86, 94, 138 were partly illegible in the pdf of the original used
for this transliteration.

DERWENTWATER

A TALE OF 1715.

—”Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.”— *Claudian*.
———”Unscutcheoned all;
Unplumed, unbelmed, unpedigreed,
Unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred.”—*Pollok*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

WILLIAM KID, 6, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

[NP]

Charles Whittingham, Took's Court,
Chancery Lane.

[v]

In claiming for *Derwentwater* an humble place amongst a class of literature to which the last few years have given creation and legitimacy, we are prepared, without entailing upon ourselves greater responsibility than fairly belongs to an avowed work of imagination, to assert some slight pretensions of a graver cast. These, it is hoped, will be discovered in a scrupulous adherence to historic truth in all essentials, and in a tolerable acquaintance with the localities brought under description. The transactions forming the basis of the tale, took place at a period precisely the least convenient for discursive handling. Just

[vi]

sufficiently distant to lay clouded in troublesome obscurity, yet not so decidedly remote as to license the unfettered use of fiction. As in the latter case the familiar details, which serve to give interest and identity to a string of facts, were wanting, whilst the task of supplying them from probabilities was equally urgent and incomparably more delicate. That it has been prosecuted with an anxious wish to preserve the character and color of the times involved comprises the spirit of what is here meant to be put forward.

The trifling anachronism of a day or two is scarcely thought worth acknowledgment.

Northumberland being so peculiarly the theatre of operations, it became necessary to make the experiment of introducing, for the first time, in such a way, the somewhat cacophonous dialect of the peasantry. Those

[vii]

who are acquainted with its general uncouthness when exhibited in a lettered shape will be best able to say how the difficulty has been disposed of.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

We conclude this brief notice by predicating that, as the book was designed, and partially written, previous to the passing of the late Catholic relief bill, the few political reflections offered must be understood with reference to the state of parties then existent.

London,
April 2nd, 1830.

[NP]

DERWENTWATER.

VOL. 1.

[3]

DERWENTWATER.

CHAPTER I.

— “Now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland.”— *Scott.*

“Imaginez de Flore la jeunesse,
La taille et l’air de la nymphe des bois,
Et de Vénus la grâce enchanteresse,
Et de l’amour le séduisant minois,
L’art d’Arachné, le doux chant des sirènes:
Elle avoit tout.” *Voltaire.*

One fine morning, towards the close of the summer of the year 1715, a light vessel was seen, standing, under a pleasant breeze, for the mouth of the “coaly Tyne. “Those accustomed to keep look out could pronounce her, at a glance, to be one of the ordinary coasters in which the traffic between London and the emporium of northern England was then solely carried on. From the dusky hue of the sails, now displayed, bulging with the wind, a shrewd notion of her

[4]

usual sable freight might have been obtained by the less experienced.

On the quarter-deck of this inbound bark loitered several persons, evidently passengers, enjoying the fineness of the day, and the cheering prospect of their destined port. The embattled forts—the ruined priory—the bold rocky coast—the broad bar of the river, over which the billows broke in eternal foam—and all the features, which combine at the present day to make the bathing station of Tynemouth one of the most picturesque in the kingdom,—lay displayed before these gazers, and were hailed by them, with the more delight, that they were the well remembered landmarks of their native province.

he casual voyagers here alluded to, were four in number. They formed at this moment a somewhat divided group. Two of the party—an interesting dark-eyed girl (we render *l'honneur aux dames*), beautiful, as Voltaire has, in the quotation above, described the enslaver of a French monarch, and an elegantly formed youth,—sat together on the seat of what sailors call the companion. Both appeared to enjoy, with exceeding relish, the imposing coast scene before them; though even a cursory observer might have

[5]

discerned, that the beauties of the fair creature by his side engrossed the gaze of the young man, much more effectually than those of the landscape upon which he expatiated. The young lady, on her part, appeared to listen, with undisguised pleasure, to the animated conversation of her companion, in which she mingled many sprightly sallies, auguring as much mental promise as there was undeniable outward attraction.

Near the taffrail were stationed the two remaining figures of the little group, both of the ruder sex. The elder, a gentleman rather past the middle age of life, but that ‘not much’. His air betokened a man accustomed to polished society, though, at the same time, exhibiting perhaps a little too much freedom. He was of a good stature, but his form had that unstrung and attenuated appearance which we call battered; albeit that his personal carriage was not the less light and easy. An active restless eye gave animation to a countenance which, though it bore marks of indulgence, was not unpleasing; and there

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

was withal a dash of frankness and *bonhommie* about him which predisposed one in his favor.

The personage, who lastly claims notice, was a man midway between thirty and forty, and of an

[6]

aspect far from prepossessing. He was tall and muscular; his visage swarthy, and strongly marked with lines denoting an iron character. It was not that he could be called an ill looking man, in the ordinary sense, but that there was an expression of harshness and brutality in his lineaments, which rendered his looks repulsive. The erect port, and firm step of this individual, added to a few peculiarities of dress, announced him as belonging to the military profession; although he wanted the finish of breeding, discernible in his associate. Such were the external presentments of our homebound seafarers; how far they were an index to the minds of their several possessors remains to be developed.

Captain Featherstone, for that was the name and rank of the soldier, stood, as has been observed, in lazy conversation with Mr. Errington, the gentleman previously described; to whose remarks he apparently listened, but was, in fact, watching, with an unfriendly eye, the deportment of the youthful pair at the companion. In this relative position the whole had for some time past continued, when the execution of a necessary nautical manouvre altered their distribution. The captain of the vessel, a little, old, hard-featured

[7]

man, with a complexion, every visible portion of which was of the hue of Bardolph's frontal meteor, making his appearance from below, ordered the ship to be laid upon another tack, the better to command the proper channel. This was accordingly done; and with all the noise and confusion which usually attends the 'handling of a ship.' In this immediate instance, the usual din caused by the flapping of sails, rattling of cordage, and iteration of shouts, was deepened by a continued torrent of the foulest expletives, issuing from the stentorian lungs of the captain. He raged, stamped, swore, and denounced the less active of his crew, after a style, fully proving the legitimacy of his

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

claim to the title he had long borne upon the wharfs of Newcastle:—a title, which allotted him a seat amongst the infernal peers, as the ‘Yerl-o’-hell!’ The violence of this worthy compelled the young lady to shelter herself in the cabin, the gentlemen, however, still keeping their posts. Errington seemed to regard this scene with an amused eye, as a risible incident; whilst Featherstone looked on in imperturbable quiescence, as if he scorned to let it appear, that any exercise of command, however violent, could be novel to a man of his cloth and character. The subsequent appearance

[8]

of the harbor pilot, who, as is customary, assumed the direction of the vessel, terminated this storm of words; and under his skilful conduct they soon reached the Narrows, a part of the river sheltered within the bar, though not strictly in the harbor. In this channel the failure of the tide compelled them to cast anchor.

The passengers, seeing themselves thus, as it were, on the threshold of home, and willing to exchange the wretched accommodations of a low, filthy cabin, for those of a more suitable apartment, commenced arrangements to land immediately. Whilst they are therein employed, we will endeavor to introduce them more formally to the reader, and review the circumstances, under which they are found assembled on board this unlikely bark.

Frederick Lilburne, the younger of the three gentlemen, and a personage for whom we would fain bespeak some interest, was the only son, and consequent heir, to a baronet of considerable state and importance in Northumberland. Returning from the Continent, by way of London, and wishing to continue his journey homeward with the least possible delay, it had occurred to him to make the passage by sea to Shields; for, be it

[9]

remembered, that the slow mode of land travel then in use, rendered a sea voyage, at this genial season, in some respects preferable. Acting upon this impression, he had engaged a passage in the good ship William and Mary, which chanced to be conveniently getting under weigh. He had not been long on board, when a boat from the Pelican Stairs brought

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

off the party with whom we now find him associated. Mr. Errington and his daughter he soon discovered to be persons of condition. They were attended by one male and one female domestic. Featherstone, who accompanied them, and seemed to make one of their party, was, as has been hinted, less polished in his exterior, but, nevertheless, a man not to be overlooked, even in a crowd. People accustomed to the yachts and steam packets of modern days, may marvel to find a party like this so brought together; but they must bear in mind the different circumstances of the age, and if those be insufficient to satisfy them, they must await the course of the story, to show that there were special reasons.

With Mr. Errington it was impossible to continue long without becoming intimate, his open, careless demeanor making every one at ease with

[10]

him,—a feeling which is always a great step towards real liking. Nothing contributes to dissipate the distrust which travellers (English travellers, *par excellence*) feel towards each other, and tends more to draw them together, than the discovery that they are severally connected, or even acquainted, with a third party for whom each cherishes respect. Such knowledge operates as a kind of reciprocal guarantee to character, and serves the place of a formal introduction. A common topic, is thereby obtained, upon which either can enlarge—reserve vanishes under it, and thenceforward, communion becomes easy. This proved true with Mr. Errington and Frederick Lilburne, for in the course of casual conversation, it transpired that a near relative of the latter was the friend and neighbour of the former; and that they were moreover both natives of the same county. Either of these circumstances would have been a bond of union, to individuals less calculated to amalgamate; and, had they not, a stronger remains to be noticed. This was in the hold the charms of Errington's fascinating daughter had gained upon the senses of the latter, even in the short period during which he had been exposed to their influence; an influence that, by a natural impulse,

[11]

caused him still more heartily to cultivate the good opinion of the father.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Dulcis Errington we will here essay to describe, but that in brief. To signalize each separate charm in worthy terms would be impossible with the impoverished vocabulary contemporary pens have left to be drawn on. She was barely seventeen, and fraught with all the vernal freshness of that age. Of her features and complexion, can more be said than that the first were strikingly beautiful, the latter exquisitely fair. Her eyes, black, and literally *almost* speaking, might be well described in the words of honest Cassio, as ‘inviting’ yet ‘right modest.’ Her glossy ebon hair luxuriated upon a neck, of which an envious travelling *deshabille* permitted only the matchless *tournure* to be distinguishable. In stature, Dulcis was barely above the middle size, with a person no less voluptuously than delicately developed, nor was so elaborately finished a casket fabricated by Nature’s skill to contain - in her mind a gem of ordinary value. She was ardent, yet tender—impassioned, yet artless. Lively and quick in observation, nothing escaped her intelligent remark; the which she conveyed with such openness of heart, and delicate warmth of

[12]

feeling, as never failed to captivate the young, and seldom to conciliate the old. Having lost her mother when very young, and being, in consequence, the frequent companion of Mr. Errington’s lengthened journeys, she had seen more of the world than most girls of her age. By so doing, she had been fortunate enough to acquire the easy grace of good society; yet without losing the fragrance, so to speak, of unsophisticated nature. It was, perhaps, owing to this, that she had neither the timidity common to *very* young ladies, nor the prudery, which, when a year or two older, they are taught to call propriety.

It will require no rhetoric to prove, that the presence of a girl like this, joined to the circumstances of familiar intercourse which a voyage of more than a week’s duration implies, must inevitably have produced upon young Lilburne the impression it did; for it will be seen, that a bosom of ruder clay, was similarly affected. The continual presence of others had, however, checked the expression of overt admiration, and restrained his demonstrations to the performance of a thousand little services and attentions, which the confusion of a sea life rendered acceptable; and which, at all times, ladies know so well how to appreciate.

[13]

With Captain Featherstone, he found it impossible to harmonize; there was a moodiness about this man which repelled his advances, and caused him, after the first unsuccessful effort, to relinquish any further wish to conciliate his untoward spirit. Indeed the distaste they originally felt to each other, soon found a tangible motive, in the warmth and seeming success, with which Lilburne cultivated the good opinion of their fair companion: a circumstance that gave great umbrage to the Captain, who considered the youth in the light of an interloper, that had thrust himself into the place he ought to have filled. So much did this ill feeling increase, that several collisions of rather an angry character, had already occurred between these gentlemen, to the great discomfort of the lovely Dulcis, from whose discernment, they had not been able to conceal their mutual disagreement. As for Mr. Errington, he either did not perceive the tendency of affairs, or purposely avoided the knowledge, calculating, that the approaching separation of the parties would render any serious notice unnecessary. The connexion which obviously existed between Errington and this morose soldier had furnished Lilburne with food for speculation, but he now found

[14]

their contiguity on the eve of termination, without his coming to any satisfactory conclusion upon the subject. Of two facts he could alone make sure—that they were in no way related by blood—and that they were proceeding, on some joint understanding, into the same part of the country. Perhaps, after all, he would never have given himself the trouble of thinking for a moment, on the nature of their association, had not love caused his fancy to take a prospective flight, the drift of which may easily be conceived. The irascible shipmaster having, with much bluster and bellowing, caused a boat to be got ready, was now engaged in hastening the stowage of the trunks, &c. therein, it being an object with him to send a boy ashore at the same time to secure an early turn for coals at Newcastle. Whilst the others were standing near the gangway, to watch the progress of this necessary business, Frederick remained alone by the side of Dulcis. He had hitherto indulged unrestrainedly in all the reacting sweets of her society without any alloy; but

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

now, that the moment of separation had come, he experienced a rush of feelings, for which he was unprepared. During a brief space, he gazed on her varying face, as if to fix in his

[15]

mind all its lovely lineaments, a ceremony quite unnecessary. “ May I presume to hope,” he at length said, risking expression in tones alarmingly tending to the tremulous,—“ May I presume to hope, that the few hours—to me most delightful hours, passed in this wooden dwelling, will not be utterly forgotten by Miss Errington, in the midst of gayer scenes?”

Unprepared for the question, the young lady appeared to catch some part of his own emotion, for she colored and looked a little fluttered. “The beauty of the season,” she hesitatingly proceeded, has been so great, that not to have enjoyed the novelty of marine life and scenery would augur incapacity for enjoyment; and, as the mind clings to pleasing reminiscences, the consequence is certain.”

“I am delighted to believe it,” was his rejoinder. The young lady resumed:—“ Nor ought I to emit saying, that the polite attentions of Mr. Lilburne, to a troublesome fellow voyager, demand heir grateful remembrance.”

“The knowledge of having in any way, however humble, obtained a place in Miss Errington’s recollection, will always afford me extreme pleasure.”

[16]

Dulcis, if she did feel any reciprocation of sentiment, succeeded in repressing all outward indication; and now resumed her wonted sprightliness of manner.

“Ah! Mr. Lilburne,” said she, smiling, “ you purposely underrate your own deserts, when you speak of an ‘*humble*’ place in the estimation of your friends.—I am sure with my good papa you stand very high; and with Captain Featherstone—” here she looked provokingly arch, “ I need not say what a favorite you are.”

The sound of this latter name caused Frederick a slight pang; on the spur of which he, almost unconsciously, ejaculated, “The captain is a fortunate man.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Prithee, now, in what does his good fortune consist?” asked his fair auditor, either not perceiving the turn of his thoughts, or perhaps, conscious of them, and anxious to correct distinctly, any erroneous impression.

“In having the power of continuing near Miss Errington,” was the reply, accompanied by a look of great, but deferential meaning.

“Really!” exclaimed Dulcis, bending with affected confusion—affected perhaps, to cover the reality.—” Well! It must be confessed, Mr. Lilburne,

[17]

that your turn for compliment is quite exemplary.—Though, after all,” (speaking with assumed carelessness) “I do not understand how Captain Featherstone can be considered fortunate in the opportunity of bestowing his society where its value is not appreciated.—But see, he comes towards us!”

And sure enough, before any reply could be made, that individual presented himself. It was to apprise Dulcis that all was now duly ordered for quitting the ship, and offer his arm in conduct to the side. The last courtesy she purposely overlooked, proceeding thither alone.

Mr. Errington was already in the boat, and prepared to receive his daughter in her descent; whilst Featherstone, following quick upon the young lady’s heels, stationed himself at the gangway, and usurped the office of assisting her on to the rope-ladder. There was nothing in this, taken by itself; but the ostentatious manner in which it was performed, made it exceedingly offensive to our disappointed hero, and caused him to repay the sneering glance of the manœuvrer with a look of scornful defiance. The whole party being seated, the boat pulled towards the low light of Shields;

[18]

and in a very few minutes, they found themselves disembarked upon the beach at that place.

Their progress to the best house of entertainment in the adjoining town, and the arrangements, in which all were some time occupied, for the continuance of their

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

respective journeys, present nothing to be dwelt upon, save that, from this point, a divergence of route was to commence— Mr. Errington and his friend proceeding westward, through Newcastle, Frederick in a more northerly direction.

The venerable road pad, destined (through lack of postchaises and flying mails) to convey the latter, waited at the door no little time ere he put its services into requisition. To take leave of the Erringtons was an effort his inclination would well have delayed.

“Come, Mr. Lilburne,” cried the gentleman so named, shaking him warmly by the hand for the last time, “I see no reason why our acquaintance should terminate here—we dont live a thousand miles asunder, you know. Take a ride over to Hareslaw, man—it is a poor house to what it *has* been,—but we can still find a magnum of good claret in its cellars. Hey! What say you? Will you come?”

[19]

“It is a pleasure which I will not deny myself,” returned Frederick, unconsciously looking at the true object of his thoughts: “more especially, as duty to my uncle Haggerstone will draw me into your neighbourhood, occasionally.”

“Ah, so it will! Glad on’t. Well, make sure of a hearty welcome whenever you, and my honest old friend choose to beat up my quarters; until then, good bye, and God bless you!”

The daughter looked a repetition of the father’s invitation, and to confirm it, frankly held out her soft hand, which Frederick took, and raised to his lips, then, respectfully bowing, hurried from the room.

He threw himself upon the horse, and casting his eyes upward as he rode from the door, felt flattered by the discovery, that Miss Errington was regarding him earnestly from the inn window. She was superior to the prudery which would have felt embarrassed in such circumstances—indeed, she was too natural in her ideas to raise extraordinary meanings out of ordinary incidents— and therefore, upon his eye meeting her own, waved an adieu! Which, we need not say, was most emphatically returned.

For many miles, young Lilburne pursued his

[20]

homeward course, with a mind fevered by exciting reflections. It was not until the scenes of boyhood began to crowd upon the view, that his thoughts, so long engrossed by one absorbing object, reverted entirely to the domestic hearth which he was so soon to reach. He thought on his father,—on his sister: he pictured to himself their meeting; and if he recalled the austere habits of the former, with a chilled spirit, on the latter his fancy reposed, secure in pleased anticipation.

The evening had not yet closed upon a lovely day, when he entered the extensive park which swept in front of the handsome edifice, that formed the domicile of his family. A heart less affectionate and less generous might have swelled at the reflection, that one day all would be his own: but Frederick's cogitations were of more amiable character.

How delightful is home! though we are ever anxious to quit its repose on some new excursion of promised pleasure, our satisfaction is always the most unalloyed when cold, hungry, or fatigued, we once more hail its substantial comforts. Such was the conviction which forced itself on the mind of our returning traveller, as he urged along the

[21]

gravelled approach, his ill conditioned, and now worn-out hack.

His identity being descried from the windows of the mansion, when he reached the door, the portico was crowded with well-known faces, all lighted up with smiles and gladness.—A dear object caught his eye: in a moment he had relinquished his horse to the officious attendants, and was in the arms of his sweet and only sister, Alatheia. His affectionate regards continued engrossed by this justly dear girl, until a friendly masculine voice claimed his recollection.

“What, Fred!” was the exclamation; “not a palm for your old chum and schoolmate, Compton?”

“Ah, Charles!” cried the other, turning upon the speaker, and seizing with a vigorous grasp the hand extended towards him, can you doubt it, my friend: a hand, and a warm one too, must always be yours! Why, this is an unexpected pleasure.”

“I sincerely believe it, Fred!” returned Compton; “though let me forewarn you, that it is a pleasure you will be apt to hold very cheap, before you have been long at home.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Never fear, my dear fellow; there is but one person I know, (glancing archly on Alatheia,) who

[22]

can set a greater value on your society than I do.”

The old domestics now hedged round ‘Maister Frederick’ with their iterated welcomes in such a way, that he had difficulty in effecting a passage into the house to pay his respects to his father, who, he well knew, would not overlook any delay in that point.

“My good friends!” he cried, addressing himself kindly to the swarming hive; “excuse me but a few moments to attend Sir John, and I will then return and greet you all.”

So saying, he pushed through the group, and was hastening forward, when a tall thin old gentleman, issuing from the further end of the hall, arrested his progress, exclaiming, “He is here, — “ my son! My dear son!” at the same time enclosing our hero in his embrace.

This was Sir John Lilburne himself. He had at first intended only to advance as far as the landing of the grand staircase, being a great observer of what he thought a proper dignity, but impatient under the suspense, and hearing his son’s voice in the hall, he allowed his better feelings to prevail, and gradually pressed forward, until he found himself in his arms. So unexpected

[23]

a show of affectionate warmth in his ordinarily frigid parent, gave Frederick unfeigned delight, and produced such a flow of spirits, that he ran round the hall, saluting and shaking the hands of all present, after a manner so cordial, that the servants were quite in raptures. How long this cheering and creditable display of good old-fashioned feeling might have continued is uncertain; for the baronet, who had by this time recovered his composure, deprecating too much familiarity with inferiors, terminated it by desiring his son’s company in the study.

When the servants had withdrawn to their own premises, a comparison of notes took place upon the merits of the ‘ young squire;’ and people of the world will not consider it

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

without some weight, that the result was universally in his favour.— Matthew Spour, the underbutler, who was the oracle of all, from his successful assumption of superior sagacity, outstripped the rest in his commendations. Leaving these worthies to the delectations of the smoking-punch, which was abundantly supplied them in honor of the occasion, we will terminate this, the opening chapter of our veritable narrative.

[24]

CHAPTER II.

“Mind all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, —————
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legends of the scenes.”

Kirke White.

THE extensive county, which forms the northern extremity of England, from its remote situation, is little known, and less visited; at least, in comparison with many other parts of the kingdom possessing inferior attractions. The high road from London to the Scottish capital does, indeed, pass along the fertile plain which margins the German ocean; but almost the whole of its central and western regions are, or were until very recently, untraversed by great public thoroughfares, and removed from the bustling vicinity of large towns. This retired district, as well from its natural features as from the kindling recollections with which it abounds, is well to arouse the enthusiasm

[25]

of an ardent fancy. It was the arena of incessant conflicts between our hardy ancestors and their turbulent neighbors. Here the Percies, the Delavals, the Widdringtons, the Herons, and a long list of other Northumbrian men of name, tested their valour in the frontier warfare, and their hospitality in the baronial hall. Of these days and doings the existing memorials lie scattered in abundance, on a surface comparatively little changed.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Wild heathy fells, basaltic eminences, and dreary wastes, on which

‘Soft showers distilled, and suns grew warm in vain,’

form the chief part of a considerable tract of country, in which the North Tyne, the Coquet, and the Reed take their rise, creating in their onward course many scenes of beauty and interest; both enhanced by the frequent appendage of some ruined fortalice, or distant peel, redolent of deeds and times that— were.

River scenery, of all other, presents the most exquisite *near* views, and few streams can excel the higher part of the Tyne in the richness and charm of its landscape. Yet how unknown to the many, who think of this river only as the great outlet of

[26]

the coal trade, and, consequently, imagine its current to run throughout, amidst piles of that mineral.

In ranging over a strongly marked country like this, the imagination is, at all times, more excited than it would be in passing through what is called a fine country—meaning one fertile and highly cultivated. Not that a barren waste can, in itself, produce aught but gloomy inspirations; save that every province having its famed localities, its legends, its superstitions, and its peculiarities, amongst which the mind loves to lose itself, it will naturally do so much more readily, upon ground where the primitive and unchanged face of objects give point and tangibility to its retrospections.

This quality is eminently possessed by the mountainous region just described; and if its aspect continue such, in this age of innovation, when inclosure acts, canals, and rail roads are working changes all around, it may readily be conceived that upwards of a century ago, the time we treat of, its characteristics would be still more prominent.

At this era, though the union of the two crowns had long extinguished the open maraudings of the border; though the raid and foray no longer roused the dalesmen of Tyne and Rede, from their holds, with bow and blade; and if the sight of blue

[27]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

bonnets, on a neighboring hill top, no more drove the alarmed herdsman, with his charge, to the shelter of the peel-house, yet traces of these disorders might still be discerned, in the rude and lawless habits which greatly prevailed. True, the reckless moss trooper had ceased to disturb these dales, but a substitute had sprung up in the not less cunning and rapacious 'faw.' These people — sort of gipsies,—infested Northumberland in numerous gangs. Carrying on some ostensible traffic, they prowled about the country in bodies, to the great terror of the lone farmer, who was generally fain to give them shelter and entertainment, rather than incur an ill will, which sometimes displayed itself in acts of the most vindictive malice. A dangerous and demoralizing system of smuggling (the result of the union act) was also in operation between the borders; the results of which greatly tended to retard the improvement of the local character.

The old families of the county, for the most part high tories, or Catholics, and consequently, under either name, disaffected towards the newly established house of Brunswick, lived aloof in their ancient mansions, visiting almost solely amongst each other, or seeking, in occasional trips to the continent, to

[28]

cultivate relations, which at home would have been fraught with danger. Those of the latter persuasion had indeed some reason for holding this course, for the penal laws then in force against papists and non-jurors prohibited them from travelling except with a pass from a magistrate. The large and flourishing town of Newcastle, though even at this period a place of extensive commerce, was seated too distantly on the verge of the county, to have much influence on the habits of people who lived more than a day's journey to and from its walls.

The state of society in England, at the accession of the first George, has been rendered familiar to us by the literary Leviathans who flourished at the time. Any amplification here on the prevailing manners, further than the due illustration of the story may demand, would be superfluous. The local sketch already given is intended only as a feeble attempt to illuminate the stage upon which our *dramatis personae* are about to move.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Cramlington Hall, the family seat of the Lilburnes, was a large and imposing edifice, situated nearly in the centre of the county. It was delightfully placed upon a gentle eminence, and commanded a sweeping view over the champaign

[29]

country towards the sea. The building was in the modern style of that day, and consequently not consonant with the taste of the present. It consisted of smooth red brick, ornamented with freestone, presenting a showy and extensive front. The owner of this structure, and its surrounding domain, was a gentleman of highly respectable, but not ancient, family. His father had been a sequestrator during the Commonwealth, and had played his cards, in that office, so well, as to leave his son, at his decease, what we now find him, a man of opulence and power. Not only his father, but most of his relatives, had distinguished themselves by marked zeal in the service of the parliament, against the infatuated and unfortunate Charles I. It is, therefore, not surprising that he should inherit a dislike to the existing descendants of that monarch. He had been a member of the Convention Parliament which called the Prince of Orange to the throne; and to the favor of that sovereign he was indebted for his baronetcy. Consistent with his principles, he was now a steady friend to the Brunswick succession, and a determined enemy to popery, in every shape in which he could detect it. Yet this, in Sir John Lilburne, was not— as it might have been—the effect of a reasonable

[30]

conviction in the value of that civil and religious liberty, which was guaranteed by the one, and threatened by the other, but simply the product of a strong party feeling, added to the prejudiced imbibed almost from his cradle. It is to be regretted, that we should, even now, see too many men of rank, who, *like* our baronet, follow up the established views of their respective forefathers, blind to all dictates of reason and experience; but who, unlike him, have not been fortunate enough to stumble on a cause which had the strength of argument on its side. Sir John was in the commission, and unremitting in attention to his magisterial duties for which, it may be observed, the state of the county

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

gave ample employment. In the discharge of these, his violent politics and rigid overbearing character converted an activity really useful, into a source of jealousy to his equals, and of fear and dislike to his inferiors. In the first prime of manhood he married. His lady, strangely enough, sprang from a house, the prejudices of which had always been opposite to his own:—so much for the commanding influence of passion. She was, however, of a passive and amiable character, and in no way controlled the inflexible dispositions of her husband.

[31]

Lady Lilburne had been dead some years, and Sir John, now in the autumn of life, found himself the sole parent of a son and daughter, the former twenty-three, the latter nineteen years of age; children in whom he might excusably feel proud.

Frederick Lilburne has already been before the reader, but as he is a person who will make some figure in these pages, a little prolixity in regard to him may be allowed. We love to indulge that curiosity which people generally feel concerning the ‘presence’ of those for whom their interest is solicited, and, on this occasion, will give loose to the inclination. This young man was ‘one of Nature’s favorites.’ Of stature, he possessed exactly that happy allotment, which gives a due command to the figure, without incurring the ungainliness that often attends decidedly tall men. The form which accompanied was, at once, manly and graceful. His hazel eye beamed with energy and intelligence; and a fine cast of open features appeared through a complexion of ruddy brown. Our hero had, however, more substantial advantages, in a vigorous understanding, and a heart filled with generous sentiments. His was a temperament, in which an abundant stock of the *suaviter in modo*, entirely concealed a no less

[32]

plenteous share of the *fortiter in re*. Spiritely, lively, and acute, he was, according to minstrel strain, constituted to please alike in council hall of lady’s bower.

Sir John, anxious to have his son educated in the political tenets he himself professed, had committed the formation of his mind to a tutor of Whig principles; and, fortunately,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

rather than deliberately, made choice of a man, whose views were the result of sound and honest conviction.— Under such tuition, Frederick obtained wholesome and liberal notions, both upon politics and of mankind. He had learnt to pin his faith to no faction. If he was opposed to the recal of the Stuart dynasty, then the great question which divided the nation, it was rather in spite than in consequence of prejudice, for he sympathized deeply with their expatriated condition. His motives had a solid basis. He saw the pernicious tendency of a government founded on such hypotheses as those of divine right and passive obedience. He felt convinced that the ascendancy of high tory policy, which a restoration would entail upon the country, would be injurious to its best interests; understanding them to consist not in the prosperity of a few privileged classes, but in that of the aggregate

[33]

people. If he allowed himself to be called a whig, it was rather by way of distinction than otherwise: «banning, at all events, connection with the opposite party. He held it as one that would sacrifice all justice to uphold the gilded canopy of power, under which its members imagined the better to maintain their own selfish immunities. Nor if, in courtesy, he granted the tories the meed of personal honesty, was he the less dissatisfied. That he found only substituting folly for knavery; making them to quit the solid *substance* of public good, and cling to the empty *shadow* of obsolete institutions. To sum up all, he was a friend to the new settlement of the crown, because he believed that, as the house of Brunswick had been called to the throne for the express purpose of maintaining civil and religious liberty, they could never hereafter depart from such a course, without a flagrant dereliction of propriety. We have to apologise to the reader for detaining him so long upon such dry matter. He will, however, find it not irrelevant to the future course of the story. To make amends, follows a more pleasing theme.

Alathea Lilburne, the baronet's remaining child, if not strikingly beautiful, was nevertheless lovely beyond the herd. Her portraiture was of that

[34]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

description, which, if it did not take the hearth by stormy gained possession by the not less effectual projection of a sap; in other words, die won upon the beholder at every interview. Of her mental qualities we will not attempt to speak and stultify our muse as an excuse.

This sweet girl had been long known and loved by Charles Compton, a young officer in Cobham's dragoons; and it was pretty obvious that the attachment was reciprocal. This gentleman was a man of honor and reputation, and, had recently succeeded to his patrimonial estate, which by in the neighborhood. The union being thus eligible, things were in such tram as would have trebly warranted our present country newspapers in announcing ' that the Captain was shortly to lead, his amiable mistress to the hymeneal altar'.

The household details at Cramlingdon were superintended by a matronly single lady, a relation of Sir John's. Mrs. Fenwick, though what is called an old maid, possessed none of those peevish attributes which are generally ascribed to her class. Neither had she any prominent qualities whatever; being one of those quiet, but useful, personages, whose lives are devoted, to the maintenance of the countless little domestic comforts, which we enjoy

[35]

from day to day, without bestowing a thought on the patient industry employed to create them. She was goodnatured to excess, and delighted to minister to the personal wants of all around her. Having completed this, we fear tiresome, sketch of the circle at the hall, the interrupted current of the story once more rolls onward.

During the first three weeks that followed his return home, young Lilburne remained stationary at Cramlingdon; his time chiefly passed in the sports of the field. These he enjoyed with the greater relish, as he had been for some time a stranger to rural recreation. Yet even in the midst of the best day's sport, the image of Dulcis Errington would obtrude itself with consuming radiance upon his fancy. All his visions of futurity were tinctured with correspondent colours. In this frame of mind, he had not omitted to sound Sir Joint as to his knowledge of Mr. Errington; but the answer he received was short and petulant, conveying only the inference, that the gentleman in question was no

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

favorite with him. Time, which s weakens alike our affections and our aversions, did not produce its wontedly sedative effect upon Frederick. Perhaps had he lost sight of Miss Errington, without any prospect of regaining it,

[36]

the ordinary result might have been produced. Their comparative propinquity was fatal to his repose. He knew that a channel existed, by which the intimacy could be renewed at his convenience. Anticipation kept alive passion, and his spirit fretted under a craving after her society, which he was fully determined to indulge. To gratify his wishes with a good grace, the obvious and plausible medium was a visit to his maternal uncle, the relative once before alluded to as the friend and neighbor of Mr. Errington. Independent of the powerful secondary motive, the respect he bore for the party made the compliment a willing and necessary one. It had only been delayed in courtesy to his intended brother-in-law. No sooner, therefore, did that gentleman announce his having received a regimental recal, which would compel him to depart the next day, than Frederick resolved that the same hour should see him *en route* for his uncle's seat at Bywell. The ceremony of consulting the pleasure of Sir John was, of course, to be gone through; but he being absent just at this period, we will leave his son killing time—and game, in the home covers, and give the reader a moment's seasonable respite.

[37]

CHAPTER III.

“To his experience
He join'd a bold imperious eloquence,
The grave, stern look of men informed and wise,
A full command of feature, heart and eyes,
An awe-compelling form and fear-inspiring size.”

Crabbe.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

There are many minds that once engrossed with a favorite project, are never at ease unless employed, even in the most trivial way, towards its realization. Whether this might be predicated, with unqualified application, of the younger Lilburne, is not material to establish. His temperament, at this time, most certainly leaned to that character. Neither the plentitude of pheasants, nor the prime order of his fowling-piece could sufficiently bind his attention. He found himself reascending the broad steps of the entrance-hall long before the desired return of Sir John had taken place. On receiving the negative that met his

[38]

inquiries, he sought his own apartment. Wearying there, he repaired to the dining-parlour, then, as he learnt, occupied by Alatheia and Compton.

This room was spacious and lofty. The walls were divided into compartments by massive mouldings, and the whole painted in oils. Cumbrous grandeur, rather than taste, or even comfort, distinguished the whole of its arrangement. Within the sweep of a large bay, or bow window, that included almost the whole of the further end, sat his sister and her admitted lover. They were too much—and, doubtless, too agreeably—engaged to notice his approach, until orally advertised. Naturally disposed to pleasantry, when '*atra cura*' sat not *too* close behind him, Frederick rallied both on their reciprocal abstraction. Compton of course countered, and a goodhumored passade of wordy fence ensued.

"Well, Fred," observed the last named, after they had exhausted the 'small change' of their wit in this way," since you have ungraciously converted a tolerable duet into a so-so trio, we'll e'en join our 'sweet voices' and respond in profitable concert. Will you reconcile us a difference?"

"Surely—that is, if the matter in debate be not a step beyond the sublime."

[39]

"You shall judge. I have been contending with your charming sister, that it is quite imposible she can ever, in thought or action, resemble good, Mrs. Fenwick; whilst she, on the other hand, maintains—"

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

"Hold, if you please, friend," interrupted Alatheia, laughingly, "I will plead my own case. This coxcomb, after abusing my simple credulity, as he considers it, with a succession of extravagancies, by way of climax, tells me I can never be old."

"You are incomprehensible, Althy," rejoined her brother; "my friend would not assert an utter absurdity"

"Oh, I dare say he did not mean one," returned, " but I must either understand him in that way, or the compliment, which was obviously intended, becomes naught."

"How so?"

"Because, as a matron, I should be proud to possess one half of dear Mrs. Fenwick's good qualities."

"Pardon me, my fair, yet unfair pleader," interposed her admirer;" I meant not, could not mean, to depreciate the undeniable merit which that good lady possesses, after her own fashion;

[40]

but I insisted, and still insist, that a girl like my Alatheia, never can become a mere housewife; one who would experience greater pride in the *blancheur* of her lord's Steenkirk, than in the polish of his wit; greater anxiety that his lower extremities should be well guarded with lamb's wool, than that the higher seat of reason should be refreshed by attentions of a more intellectual description."

"Well, truly, to do our little Althy justice" began Frederick," I do not think she is likely to become so insipidly notable as all that; nevertheless—"

"Oh, away with such faint support," cried the other, arresting his speech. "You are going to affect the philosopher in earnest, I see, but it shall not pass. I know you, Fred, notwithstanding your admitted strength of mind, to have not only a share of romance in your character but likewise a considerable spice of the Philander. Nay! you need not turn away; I will venture to say, you have pictured your own mistress as much too ethereal for vulgar details."

Under his present state of feeling, Frederick felt there was some truth in this sally. He was not, however, at a loss for a reply.

"If you had been less impatient, my dear fellow,"

[41]

he remarked, ‘you would have beard me continue, that, cordially as I agree with you in setting a high value on an accomplished mind, yet the examples of senseless pretension I have encountered dispose me to examine the claim somewhat narrowly. There are many women who expect to be defeated of elevated character, of *superior* spirit, merely because they treat *inferior* duties with contempt. Such weak minds mistake the effect for the cause; demanding for incidental and undesirable concomitants that credit which is only due to the genuine essence.’

“Seriously! Your distinction is a just one,” followed Compton; “ for I cannot help remembering, that I have occasionally found it terribly insipid to listen to the prattle of an every day girl, apeing the clever woman.”

“But, surely,” exclaimed Alatheia, “you are being too severe on the sex; such instances can only occur in females of very shallow understanding;”

“Granted, my dear,” answered her brother; “but we can as little prevent conceit and folly from assuming, as we can teach them to assume with judgment.”

The entrance of Mrs. Fenwick herself now gave

[42]

a turn to the discourse. She was in a fever of anxiety, arising out of the baronet’s protracted absence, fearing that it might occasion the *roti* to have too deep a shade of brown.

“I’m sure,” she exclaimed, reposing her heated frame on a settee, “ I hate this justice work; what with sessions, and petty sessions—mittimuses, and warrants, there’s no end to it. I wonder Sir John can bear such worreting—aye! and like it too— as he does.”

“The old gentleman is certainly behind usual time,” remarked Compton. “Is there any important matter before the court?”

“I believe,” replied Mrs. Fenwick, “that, incorrigible vagabond, Heddon, was to be before the, bench today, for some of his old tricks. Sir John would give any sum to have him out of the country,« that I know; and this morning, as our Matthew informs me,—”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

"Dear Madam," interposed Alatheia, willing, to; anticipate the gossip with which they were threatened, "I wonder you should listen so much to that man's stories. He's a good honest servant, it is true, but, you know, makes too free a use of both eyes and tongue.— See! is not that the coach coming up the avenue?—it is. Look, Frederick!

[43]

I how poor Lawrence is labouring to urge his fat horses into something like speed."

So he is, indeed," returned he. "A good dinner interests every man, whether he drives or is driven."

A few minutes brought the lumbering vehicle to the door, when our hero descended to the hall to receive its owner, knowing that he habitually expected such show of attention.

Sir John, on alighting, accompanied his son at once to the dining-room. *He* needed no preliminary change of garb; his gaunt person being, at all times, arranged with scrupulous precision, in the heavy, angular, full dress of that period. Having exchanged his somewhat cumbrous wig for a cap of green velvet, he proceeded, with silent majesty, to take his seat at the head of the table.

The meal passed over amidst all the stiff formality which might be looked for under such Auspices, added to the more constrained habits of the age. Little was said; Sir John's ordinary dryness and acerbity of temperament appearing increased, from some casual irritation which he did not make known.

After the cloth had been removed, and a glass or two of wine had mellowed the aspect of the

[44]

circle, Frederick seized, what he considered a favorable opening, to introduce the proceeding he had in contemplation.

"I have been considering, Sir," he commenced, that I ought to go over to my uncle Haggerstone's for a few days: I have not paid my respects to him since my return home; and, bearing in mind his constant kindness, I think no more time should be lost. As my friend Compton leaved us tomorrow, we can ride together as far as the road will permit."

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

The baronet made no immediate reply to this y but first bending his piercing grey eyes upon Frederick, and then casting them upward upon the ceiling, he seemed to weigh in his mind some doubt connected with the question. He at length broke a tantalizing silence.

“I am not very fond,” said he, in a sharp unmusical pitch of voice,” of your cultivating great intimacy with that person, and I have my reasons: however, prudence dictates that a certain degree of attention should be paid to him; and this comes within it. I think you may go over for a day or two.”

“Nay, Sir!” rejoined the young man, “I throw from me any interested motives. I entertain a

[45]

kindly recollection of the old gentleman, and shall feel a real pleasure in the meeting.”

“Pooh! pooh! boy,” retorted Sir John, snappishly; “so you avoid absolutely offending, the less intimacy the better.” Then addressing himself to Compton, as in justification, he continued, “My brother-in-law, captain, was nurtured in malignant principles; as a youth, he imbibed them, and, as a man, he has been too weak to overcome them. Nevertheless, I would not object to Frederick’s maintaining the most unrestrained, communication with *him* alone; but it chances that he, keeps up friendly relations with all the bitter jacobites who crowd his immediate neighbourhood; a sort of acquaintance which I would not wish *my* son to form.”

“Well, but, Sir,” observed the person he addressed, “surely my friend’s judgment is too mature, and his principles too firmly rooted, to suffer any detriment from such a collision as that you fear.”

“I dare say they are; but I would not have him compromised in the eyes of the country even by a surmise of that nature. I have views for my son, Captain Compton, which will place him out of the sweep of general rules. Perhaps you are

[46]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

not aware,” continued the baronet, with kindling eye and lowering brow, “that the influence of these secret enemies, to our king and laws, is already too great; and that, too, over men who ought to be inaccessible to it.”

“Probably not, Sir;—in such matters I bow to your superior experience.”

“You do rightly,” replied Sir John, with the air of one who receives an undeniable tribute.

“ ‘Twas but this morning, at Alnwick, that I had occasion to see, and to deplore its influence. A scoundrel, who has been the pest of the county for years, I had succeeded in securing, with a home charge, in Morpeth gaol. But, lo! this man has been a useful tool to some of the disaffected gentry of these parts,—and what follows? Why, instead of his being sent to the plantations, there comes me a pert Jacobite attorney over from Newcastle—brings the fellow off by a shuffle—and now, through the weakness of the bench, he is again at liberty to disturb the public peace at his pleasure.”

“Gracious me, Sir! was that the brute Heddon?” inquired Mrs. Fenwick, for the ladies had not yet retired. “They’ve done an ill turn to let him escape.”

[47]

Her self-engrossed relative did not deign any answer to this interrogatory, but pursued his speech as if unconscious of it.

“Both he, and his patrons,” he proceeded, “shall, however, find that there is a watchful eye upon them. This (smiting the board) is not a time for the friends of the existing government to slumber: the traitorous intrigues, carried on in favour of the Pretender, become every day more extensive and alarming. Popery stares us in the face, and threatens us with a return of all its fearful evils.”

“I cannot but think, Sir,” observed Frederick, making use of the old gentleman’s breathless pause, “that your laudable attachment to the constitution, and zeal for the present government, expand your apprehensions a little too much. The party you allude to has suffered a blow from the peaceable accession of King George, which crushes all their hopes.”

“Rather say it has goaded them to desperation, boy. I speak from facts: rumours of a rising in Scotland have been some time heard, and are now confirmed. Nay! I have

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

personal reason to believe that there are men, ay! and men of mark, in this very county, ripe for the same game

[48]

“It now strikes me, Sir John,” remarked Compton, “that my coronel’s letter of recal is conched in terms which very greatly corroborate your statements.”

“Oh, Sir! There is no room for doubt; I am only sorry that danger should exist so near our own doors; and yet why should I? since it will give the better opportunity to *some* of the well disposed, to show the strength of their loyalty. Thank Heaven! There *are* strong laws, and those laws may be enforced; these plotting papists must be held down by the arm of force.”

“Would not such iron measures be likely to increase the discontent, of which these threatening demonstrations are the effect?” asked Frederick, pushing the discussion rather father into difference than he usually thought prudent with his father’s ireful mood.

“Think you not, Sir, that the results you fear would be thereby hastened?”

“No!” growled the baronet. “When we possess a mischievous dog, we chain him up, and so anticipate his disposition.”

“Which always, I believe, increases his ferocity,” rejoined his son, now fairly embarked in the argument. “For my part,” he continued, “I see no

[49]

Such crying danger about popery—that is, in itself. What has a constitution, founded on the broad of universal good, to fear from the attacks of a handful of Romanists? even supposing them sufficiently insane to wish to destroy that in which they, as men and subjects, have a common interest. But again, though I contemplate little abstract danger (so to term it) on this head, I fully admit the peril which now arises from a catholic claimant to the crown, backed, as he may be, by the prejudices of other classes to boot.”

During this harangue Sir John sat twisting on his chair, and projecting his under lip; a habit which he had acquired when displeased. After it was concluded, he broke forth with considerable acrimony.

“How comes it, boy,” said he, “that I find you speculating in this new fangled way?”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Sir, I was but attempting to separate the notions of Jacobitism and popery, in as far—”

“Sir, they cannot be separated; and, if they could, the attempt is not worth making; present danger there is, and that such as must be firmly met.”

Frederick bowed his submission, and a momentary pause ensued. Sir John again resumed.

[50]

“Observe, Frederick, I allow you to visit Bywell, although I know that it is situated in the midst of rebellious intrigue. I do so, because I am convinced that you can never forget your duty as a good subject, and a friend of the Brunswick succession. A man of that stamp may be useful there at this juncture.”

“I do not fully understand you, Sir,” returned the young man; “but I trust I shall, at all times, act as becomes your son.”

“I hope you will. The Lilburnes,” he went on, drawing up his spare form with increased pomposity, “have always been distinguished for the unflinching discharge of their duties, in *whatsoever* they might consist.”

The ladies now rose to leave the room; but Mrs. Fenwick, afterwards, lingered to put a few questions to Frederick, as to his travelling arrangements. This brought other details on the *tapis*; after discussing which, it was finally arranged that our hero should proceed to Mr. Haggerstone’s on the succeeding morrow; whilst, at the same time, the young officer would depart to join his regiment, then stationed in a midland county.

“Frederick,” said Sir John, after a short fit of musing, “I think as you are, for the present,

[51]

without a man of your own, you had better take Matthew with you; he is a useful fellow, and can adapt himself to the customs of any household.”

To this suggestion his son yielded a ready assent, though, from sundry trifling considerations, a little surprised at it.

After this, the conversation flagged; and the young men were not sorry when the withdrawal of the baronet left them free from the restraint his presence always imposed.

[52]

CHAPTER IV.

—”the deepening glen, the alley green,
The silver stream with sedgy tufts between.
The mossy rock, the wool-encompassed leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom.
The verdant pathway breathing fresh perfume:
These are thy charms.” *Kirke White.*

“An deftly Wall could thraw a flee.”
Reedswater Minstrel.

It has been hereinbefore remarked, that no where do sweeter snatches of landscape present themselves than those which abound upon the course of rivers. If ever the reader should ascend the Tyne from Wylam, upwards to Corbridge—and still higher if he please—he will be disposed to consider the remark as not without foundation. Upon a delightful afternoon, in the beginning of autumn, the slanting rays of a declining sun tinged with an effulgent lustre the rich and picturesque scenery which stretches along the locality here alluded to

[53]

The luxuriant foliage, that in superfluous plenitude clothed the slopes on either side, showed gorgeously brilliant, in all the varied hues with which the year’s maturity had invested it. Here and there a jutting rock or grassy knoll created a grateful variety. The river itself, sometimes running deep and still, sometimes spreading to considerable extent over a stony and uneven bed, and frequently leaving little islets covered with brushwood, which now partook in the mellow cast of the surrounding groves, contributed to form a creation of quiet beauty seldom surpassed.

Progressing along the brink of the stream, at one of the most delightful spots was seen a young man of prepossessing exterior. The fishing-basket, that was slung across his shoulder, and the rod, with which he ever and anon plied the water, sufficiently indicated

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

his present occupation; though, at the same time, the frequent pauses that he made to look around him, and the lazy indifference with which he repeated his strokes, showed him to be no ardent brother of the angle. In fact, it was clear that he was one of those lovers of nature and free range, who make a fowling-piece or fishing-rod the ostensible apology for an unrestrained indulgence of their propensity, rather than a keen

[54]

sportsman, whose sole thought is to fill his creel, or expand his game bag.

Frederick Lilburne, for *he* our piscatory acquaintance in reality was, had arrived the day before at Bywell (where it will be recollected his uncle resided), a delightful station upon the banks of this river, and about six miles below the market town of Hexham. From this relative he had, as usual, met with the kindest reception, being an especial favorite with him. Having spent the whole morning of this day with the old gentleman, he had sallied forth after dinner to enjoy his own unhampered reflections, under the pretence already assigned. The season was too far gone to yield him much sport, even had he been more anxious after it; so that he was at full leisure to indulge the sentimental reveries to which he had lately been prone, and which the situation he was in was much calculated to encourage. He was at length roused from his love dream, for of this 'complexion' were his thoughts, by perceiving a man ascending the stream towards him, whose strange and sinister appearance at once attracted and puzzled all his speculations. The frame of this man was large and sinewy, promising extraordinary strength; his hair, for, owing perhaps to the warmth of the

[55]

weather, he wore no hat, was thick and strong, and covered his head after a bristling hedgehog fashion. His feet, like his crown, were also uncovered, the stockings, or 'hoggers,' terminating above the ankle. A small scintillating grey eye flashed around with a cunning, and, occasionally, menacing expression, which, joined to the peculiarly brutal formation of a large mouth, gave to his physiognomy a most offensive character; it was, truly, that of

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

Quoted, and signed—”

as competent to any act of ferocity. In figure and habiliments he presented a combination of those attributes with which we separately invest the poacher and the gipsy. Now striding along the river’s marge, and then again recklessly plunging knee-deep in the flood, he gradually drew nearer. With a vigorous arm he, from time to time, swung a long rough made rod round his head, sending the line far across the stream; and that he did so, with no less dexterity than strength, was evident from a well filled canvas bag which hung by his side. On his approaching the spot where Lilburne pursued his spot, the

[56]

latter scanned his person with an undefined feeling of disquietude: it was not fear, for he was both morally and constitutionally courageous, but one of those intuitive antipathies which are not to be easily explained. In a little time the identity of their pursuit brought them into a contact, which he would willingly have avoided. As it was, he made a virtue of necessity, and accosted the fisher with his usual urbanity of manner. He had observed that the stranger was fishing in a style different from his own, and obviously with much more success. If the idle thrashing the young man had hitherto given the liquid element, could really be said to have, an object inimical to the finny tribe, that object was, the destruction of large trout: now he, of the repulsive visage, angled for a small fish, of which he frequently hooked two or three at once. This circumstance, therefore, afforded an opening to civil remark.

“You appear to have had good success, my friend,” commenced Frederick.

The man, whose attention was exclusively bent upon his pursuit, at this address raised his head, and after rolling a sharp searching glance over the speaker’s person, his features settled into a look of careless inquiry, to express which, he emitted the interjection—”
Hugh!”

[57]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“You have made a good afternoon’s work,” repeated the other, pointing towards the canvas depository.

The fisher, raising his rod for a new cast, and speaking in the deep guttural tone prevalent in the district, answered,—” Ay! weel enough.”

“What fish is that you take so fast?”

“We ca’ them wracks*.”

“As I’ve had but spare sport in trouting, I should not care to try my hand in your way, if I knew how.”

“On! a bairn wi’ nowgh’ but a cruicked pin may heuck his back load; the waitter’s swarming wi’ them.”

“Indeed! that’s encouraging; but just give me a hint which way to proceed, if you please.”

“Humph!” grunted the fellow, in the dry lazy manner of one who has a civility claimed of him, which he is little inclined to accord, yet cannot in decency deny. “Put three or fower flees on yer tawm‡ —mair if ye like, woodcock heckle, and hare’s lug; then a skeelyΔ thraw, an’ stan’ yer awn luck.”

Frederick followed these niggardly directions, and was repaid for his trouble by killing a few;

*Brandling.

‡ Line.

Δ Skilful.

[58]

for though he had never been an adept in the ‘gentle art,’ yet now, when stimulated by example, he managed to throw his flies in a manner which elicited the gruff approval of his extraordinary associate. Indeed, his cheerful affability so far gained upon the other’s moodiness, that in the course of time they MI into a broken desultory kind of colloquy, partly on fishing, and partly on the localities around. Daring this, the man showed himself full of a kind of crafty intelligence, scarcely to have been expected from the purely animal indications of his exterior.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Though the force of situation, and his own amenable disposition, had led Frederick into something like familiarity with his casual companion, his original disgust had not abated. As soon, therefore, as they arrived where some inequalities of the bank made advance inconvenient, he made a halt, intending to turn back. After so doing, but before he had absolutely retired many paces, it occurred to him that the contents of his own creel would not vouch very loudly for the prowess of his rod; and that, probably, his new acquaintance would, for a trifle, furnish him with a desirable reinforcement. He accordingly put the question.

“Sell ye some, did ye say?” returned that

[59]

individual, with a snarling sort of laugh, “ay, that wullee. Its little he likes o’ huz* mind a few trashy dairns†, when we can pouch the hard kelter‡. There,” he continued, throwing down his store before our hero, “teeak as mony as ye like, and pay what ye please yoursell.”

This seeming liberality in the churl will not deceive the reader; it was but the common artifice by which the worldly obtain from the generous a greater largess, than they could formally *demand* as the value of their commodity. Frederick selected such a portion of the fish as suited his purpose, and then rewarded their owner with a sum which did not disappoint his expectations. The coin he pocketed with a dry chuckle, but not a word of thanks.

“Ye’ll be strange i’ thor pairts, I’m judgen,” said he, replacing his lightened scrip.

“Rather so,” replied our hero, now preparing to move off.

“Frae Newcassel, meb-bie§?” pressed the other inquisitively.

Frederick, though a little annoyed at the fellow’s pertinacious familiarity, was yet anxious to

* Us.

† Small fish.

‡ Money.

§ May be, perhaps.

[60]

part with him civilly, and therefore carelessly answered, without stopping to weigh punctilios;— “ No. I live at Cramlington—but good day, friend, I must leave you.”

“Haud a bit,” cried the man, whilst, at the same moment, taking a long stride forward, he placed himself in front of our startled hero; upon whose face he bent a fixed and unfriendly stare.

“Crammeldon! said ye—What! i’ the ha’ hoose?”

“Yes; in the hall. What of that, man? you become troublesome;” was the somewhat impatient answer.

All the latent ferocity, to which the boor’s exterior was a permanent index, now developed itself in the strongest colours; as, in a voice choked with passion, he resumed, at first, as if communing with himself.

“Ho! ho! “he grumbled, “ Aw thouat it was a kenned feace. Yer neyam’s Leelbron—Eh! is’t not?

“It is; but—” he stopped, wherefore, we proceed to show.

At the confirmation of his thought, the fisher’s excitement rose to a climax. He clenched his fists and ground his teeth; the swelled veins stood

[61]

like cords upon his exposed forehead, and his broad chest heaved with convulsive action. With glaring eye and fearful gesture, he seemed to threaten immediate violence; insomuch, that the amazed and unconscious exciter of this inexplicable frenzy checked the indignant rebuke he was about to give to the fellow’s insolent freedom, and prepared to meet the more urgent assault of force.

The inward storm found its first vent in a torrent of imprecations too gross for record; after which the ruffian thus proceeded; “Bide off me, if ye’re wise; the seet o’ tha meaks my blood boil—an weel it may. Au’d Jock Lilburne has gi’en me mony a heart scad*; an aw wad gi’ ivry stick and steean†, kith and kin o’ his, to the flames o’ hell for it. Sie bide off, aw tell tha, or there’ll ill come ont.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Whilst he thus raged, he seemed with difficulty to control an impulse to rush upon his bane, and visit him with some signal act of vengeance; which at the same time, by a strange incongruity, he appeared willing the young man should avoid. Presently a sudden shoot of recollection came over

*Heart-scald, i.e. grief.

† Stone.

[62]

him; he plunged his hand into his ragged pocket —tore, rather than took from thence, the money Frederick had just before given him, and threw it forcibly into the middle of the river.

“Money fro a Leelbron!” he exclaimed with bitterness, “Aw wun’er it didn’t burn my han’. Mind me, my young cout*, ye’ve spoken me weel, or it might ha’ been warse for us bieth. Aw canna reek† my grudge on thee, but had it been him thou’s come off, by——, he should ha foll’ed the cotterells‡ into yon keld§: let him keep in hens || walk, or he’ll rue’d.”

“Good God!” cried Frederick, now recovering from the first shock of surprize, “What are you? and what is the meaning of all this?”

“What is aw! A Leelbron, and not ken a Heddon! Did ye ne’er hear tell o’ the poor faws, that mun be rooted oot o’ the country side to please a ketty¶ justice; if ye han not, ax ony o’ the lickplates at Crammeldon, and ye’ll hear your foorth**.”

“Yet, my good fellow, let me assure you I am not the enemy you take me for; and, as to Sir——”

“Bl—t him —but the back o’ my leuft†† t’ye,

* Colt

† Vent

‡ Coin

§ Deep part pf a river.

|| Near home.

¶ Vile.
** Fill
†† hand.

[63]

thou an' me canna thow! * yen anuther ony langer."

So saying, with a contemptuous wave of the hand, he quitted the spot, and strode hastily up the river's bank, until his large form was lost in a thick copse of trees. Frederick stood watching his retreating steps, until his final disappearance, in a state of bewildered confusion. The powerful frame of the savage—his excited feelings—his frenzied gestures—and the bitter, concentrated hate which he exhibited towards the house of Lilburne, had, in the sudden burst of the affair, driven away his customary firmness and energy; and now left him stunned with their effects.

It was pretty evident that Sir John Lilburne was the great object of aversion, and Frederick felt painfully convinced that this, and similar disgusts, must have arisen out of the over zealous manner in which that gentleman exercised his magisterial functions. Although, at the same time, he could not but allow, that the individual, whose violence he had just witnessed, was one of those unruly spirits over whom the arm of the law must be continually suspended.

* Agree together.

[64]

This affair disarranged the harmony of his meditations, and put to momentary flight the visions he had been previously indulging. It was, however, but a momentary flight, for his thoughts speedily reverted into a train from which they were not now to be held by the railings of vagabond malice; matter unworthy at any time long to occupy them.

As he retraced the way towards the seat of his temporary sojourn, he mentally sketched out the course he should pursue in accomplishing the object that filled his excited brain. That in his first visit to Hareslaw he should be accompanied by his uncle, was both a matter of propriety and convenience. *His* presence would serve to cover the diffidence of consciousness; and, moreover, by occupying Errington, leave him free to propitiate the

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

wayward son of Paphia in his own way. Yes; he decided immediately not to let the evening pass over until he had brought the party to an appointment for the purpose.

Whilst thus cogitating, the sight of the two churches with which the beautiful little hamlet of Bywell is so superfluously provided, informed him, that the sober and comfortable dwelling of his respectable relative was at hand.

[65]

Chapter V.

—————“no child or wife
Crossed the still tenor of his chosen life” —*Crabbe*.

————— “life’s whole business this!
Is it to bask i’ the sun? if so, a snail
Were happy, crawling on a southern wall.”
Sneyd Davies.

THE residence of Lilburne’s maternal uncle was a snug, parsonage-looking pile, having pretensions much beyond a cottage, but not sufficiently imposing to warrant the dignified appellation of “hall.” A sort of midway had therefore been taken between those extremes, by bestowing on the edifice the denomination of Bywell Lodge. The house, which was embosomed amongst high trees, whereon a colony of noisy rooks kept up a monotonous cawing, stood pleasantly at the head of a green paddock, that sloped gently towards the Tyne. It was built of stone; and its front

[66]

[illegible]

Mr. Stephen Haggerstone, or as he was commonly called old Squire Haggerstone, not so much from age as from the senile tenour of his habits,

[67]

was a country gentleman of ancient family and good estate. He had been, originally, a stout powerful man; and even yet, his whole appearance would have declared him to be of hale and robust frame, had he not, from indulgence, contracted a forward stoop, and a waddle in his gait, which gave him an overbalance of seeming stiffness and incapacity. His face was plump and good natured, being, entirely devoid of those lines which denote thought. In his usual suit of slate-coloured cloth, and leaning on his ivory-headed cane, Stephen looked what, in spite of his foibles he really was, a respectable and somewhat lusty old gentle- wan. Dryden has said, that

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,

He who would seek for pearls must dive below.”

It was so with Stephen Haggerstone. His timid disposition, Contrasting as it did with his large frame; a custom of nursing and coshering himself; a reluctance to quit the tranquil comforts of the lodge, had thrown him open to the sarcasms of many who had not a tithe of his honesty and goodness of heart.

Stephen had considerably passed that age when, as Cowley tells us, ‘life is not to be dallied with,’

[68]

and yet was still in a state of celibacy. Not that he entertained any antipathy to the marriage state; for, on the contrary, he had a latent hankering that way, bat simply, because he had never been able to ‘screw his courage’ to the point. He and his sister, afterwards the wife of Sir John Lilburne, lost their father at an early age, and were left to the sole guidance of his relic. This old lady had lived long enough to see her daughter married, and to have considerable influence in forming the habits and mind of her son. To that superintendence, too long continued, it was greatly owing, that our squire had proved the dawdling sort of person he is herein described to be. When she died, Stephen came into possession of a very handsome property, which had not diminished in his hands. This property was entirely at his own disposal; but the estimation in which he held his nephew, Frederick Lilburne, left little doubt that it would fall into the hands of that young man, as well by the will of the owner, as by the law of natural inheritance.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Dame Haggerstone had been a staunch loyalist in her time, and had imbued her son with the same sentiments. These were of that direct concentrated nature, easiest comprehended by a mind

[69]

like Stephen's; the great feature being attachment and obedience to the 'Lord's anointed', he being primogenial of the legitimate race.

In consequence of this schooling in early life, and of subsequent intimacy amongst the Jacobite families by whom he was surrounded, the honest squire had learned to think, with many others, that the king *de facto* was not the king *de jure*. It formed, however, no part of his character to commit himself by any overt demonstration of these sentiments; an inertness pretty well understood amongst his party, by whom he was, notwithstanding, much respected. They knew that he was not to be calculated upon as a man of action; but they, nevertheless, considered him a hearty and sincere friend to what they emphatically called *the cause*.

On Lilburne's, return to his uncle's domicile, in the manner related, he sought that worthy personage in the wainscoted parlor; which was the inner and lesser of the two distinguished as on the right of the entrance. Here he found that gentleman seated in a high backed and cushioned arm-chair, in front of a blazing fire, as the evenings were beginning to grow cold.

"My good bairn!" he exclaimed, on seeing

[70]

Frederick, — for it must be observed, that he was a man of homely manners and language; albeit that on proper occasion, he could deport himself in a style becoming his rank in society. "My good bairn, you ha' been out too long to do yourself service: the night air off the water is not over wholesome. Draw to the fire"—there now! I'se warrant ye'll say it's the best nosegay ye've smelt this day."

Indeed, my dear Sir, I find it very comfortable," returned his nephew, drawing forward a chair.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“[?] good company, Freddy—especially when one’s lonely. But what sport ha’ you had?

‘Twas a fine afternoon for the back-end.”

“I have made a pretty fair basket, Sir. Perhaps you would not dislike to have the contents dressed for supper?”

“Supper!” echoed his uncle, with an air of strangeness, “that’s what I seldom dare to take; for when I do, it lays like a pig o’ lead on my weak stomach all night. But what am I saying? —that’s no reason you should famish; that would be making two wants out o’ one; wanting when you ha’ no need, as well as when you *have* .”

After delivering himself of this piece of sapience.

[71]

he rang a little hand-bell which stood at his elbow; and, in answer to the summons, there appeared a neat, fresh looking, middle aged woman, with a figure a little *en bon point*. Advancing familiarly to the table, she inquired what was wanted. The goodly dame was equipped in a smart mob-cap and showy poplin gown, which, together with a jaunty air and pendent bunch of keys, declared her the presiding spirit of the regions lying on the left side of the lobby. There being only one male domestic, and he, an oldish man, merely retained to tend a rarely mounted nag, and do out-door work, the powers of this buxom ‘minister of the interior’, embracing, as they did, those of butler, housekeeper, and often steward, would have been very sweeping, had they not been controlled by the constant review of her master in person. Nor was his presence alone the negative restraint; for few branches of the internal economy escaped his remark, and even superintendence.

“Barbary,” said that authority, as soon as he perceived she was in attendance, “Master Frederick wants the fish he has brought in dressed for supper; so see and set Martha about it, my woman. And, stay, ye may bring in a cover for me too—I’ll try a taste o’ them, as they’re o’ Freddy’s killing.”

[72]

When Barbara had left the room, Frederick observed, “that he thought his uncle had been fortunate in procuring so attentive a domestic.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“A tidy body enough,” was the answer. “She’s the widow of a very decent man,” he continued; “I’ve had her now above twelve months, and am well satisfied with her serving. She’s may be a thought flisky or so, for a staid woman; but that’s not past bearing.”

They continued to chat on such familiar matters, until Frederick thought proper to broach the subject most interesting to him.

“Pray, my dear uncle,” he began, “are you not on terms of friendship with a gentleman named Errington?”

“Errington! What Richie Errington of Hareslaw?”

“The same.”

“That am I—and know no cause why I should not. But wherefore do you ask, Freddy?”

“Because, Sir, in returning to the north, I took a fancy to come down by sea, and had the good fortune to have Mr. Errington for a fellow voyager. He spoke of you as an old and esteemed friend.”

“Well, lad, well! he could say no less; we were

[73]

playmates when boys, and have ever since been kind. But how came you, bairn, to be so venturesome as to trust to the unruly element, when ye might ha’ journeyed home on good dry land? that wasn’t a wise man’s deed, I wot.”

“Perhaps not, Sir. But, in truth, I had lately had so much land travel, that I coveted a change.”

His uncle shook his head, and looked as if he thought such a motive a very weak one.

“Ye would find Richie a jocose and a cheerful companion, I’ll be bound,” was his next observation.

“I did, indeed, Sir!—He has all the hilarity of youth, joined to the sagacity of age and experience.”

“Ay, that’s exactly Dick; for, with all his harrigauding, he has his own share of brain wit, and more. He’s a shifty, stirring fellow, and yet no man’s enemy,”—then, speaking as if to himself, he added,—“save, perhaps, his own.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Do you mean, Sir, that he has been imprudent?” inquired Frederick, with some little anxiety.

“Hout—tout!” exclaimed Mr. Haggerstone, pettishly; evidently not wishing to enter upon the foibles of his friend; “what signifies that? — if

[74]

he’s never wyted wi’ a worse fault, he’ll be better off than many of his neighbors.”

The entrance of Mrs. Barbara, marshalling in an inferior damsel who bore the supper equipage, here broke the current of conversation. The squire found a new topic to descant upon, in the ample and tempting fry which was now placed before them.

“Hegh, Freddy!” he cried, lifting the cover, “ye might well say ye’d made a fair basket. I doubt it’s not been o’ your own filling, ye young rogue.”

Frederick felt a little disconcerted at this sally; for though our hero (in fault of a better), he felt exactly as most young sportsmen would under similar circumstances. Putting the best face upon the matter, when the servants had retired, he related his adventure with the fisher.

“It’s a blessing, hinney,” remarked the squire, “that the savage didn’t do th’ a mischief, for he’s a sad villain.”

“You know him, it would appear, Sir.”

“Ou! who doesn’t know the black Heddons?” was the retort. “But while we’re chattering, the brandlings are cooling; so, Freddy, we’ll e’en let meat stop mouth, as the saying is.’

[75]

They accordingly proceeded in earnest with their meal; and, during its course, Frederick could not resist a smile, in remarking that, notwithstanding his uncle was continually exclaiming concerning the delicacy of his stomach, he loaded that organ with no inconsiderable share of the savory fish, besides coquetting with a cold sirloin, which appeared by way of appendix. In fact, it was one of the foibles of the worthy squire to endeavor to persuade not only others, but himself, that he lived sparingly; in which endeavor he failed: and further, that it was necessary for his health that he should so live;

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

in which he also failed—with both. When Barbara reappeared to remove the cloth, he bestowed a due meed of approbation upon the efficiency of the culinary department.

“Them fish ha’ been dressed to a nicety,” said he to her; “I just took a taste wi’ my nevey, and found them so good that I’d of fain done them more justice.”

At this speech the housekeeper gave a sly look toward the young gentleman, convincing him she was not the dupe of this assumed moderation. She did not, however, venture any reply, for her master was extremely scrupulous of his dignity before strangers.

[76]

“Now, my good woman,” resumed he, “ye’ll mull us a drop o’ claret; Master Frederick must ha’ something comfortable to sleep upon; and, after that, we’ll want ye no more—so haste ye, and get it done.”

In a few minutes the mulled wine was brought; and they being once more left to themselves, Lilburne lost no time in resuming the topic which supper had interrupted.

“Before Mr. Errington and myself parted company,” he observed, “I received from him a pressing invitation to visit Hareslaw. His pleasure, he bid me say, would be redoubled if his old friend would also favor him. Now, Sir, if you have no objection, we will ride over tomorrow, or the next day, and enjoy a mutual gratification.”

“With all my heart, lad,” rejoined the other; “I have not seen Dick since his last return from over sea; his hands have been too full, I can well guess, to admit a call at Bywell; so I’ll e’en go wi’ you, Freddy, and seek him at his own place. But stop! let me think a minute;—hum!”

Here Stephen, raising his finger to his forehead, paused in inward cogitation.

“Richie,” he at length proceeded, “is an uncertain man, and bad to meet at home,—at this

[77]

time particularly but I’ve a thought. To-morrow is a public day at my Lord Dern’water’s—Errington is sure to make one, and I have myself been asked. Now, though I didn’t before intend to go, this notion o’ yours makes me change my mind. —

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

I'll attend, and you shall go wi' me. What say you, Freddy, to that? We'll there see our man, and lay the plan for a future and more convenient meeting."

"Would not my uninvited appearance be considered an intrusion?"

"Ou! leave that matter to me. If I were to take a dozen strangers, instead o' one, I'll venture to say they would all be well received."

Stephen delivered this with the air of a man who wishes to give a high idea of his own weight and estimation.

"Still, Sir, I must confess, I feel a delicacy in taking such a step," urged our hero.

"Delicacy! nonsense, bairn! Are ye not my own nevey? Is it to be thought that I would go a visiting, and leave my guest at home? No, no— ye ha' little notion o' the hospitality o' Dilstone, or ye would make no such paffling scruples."

Frederick made no further objection; indeed it had crossed him, that a certain young lady would,

[78]

in all probability, make one of the party, which idea removed any remaining hesitation he might have experienced.

In the course of a further discussion on the details of this proceeding, the young man observed, that "he had heard the Earl of Derwentwater characterized as one of the most wealthy and liberal of all the Catholic nobility."

"And ye've heard truly, I can tell ye," was the return; "he's an open handed, sweet tempered young nobleman, and has the spirit of a prince withal; though, by the way, that's not so much to be wondered at, seeing that he has royal blood in his veins.

"You make me quite anxious to meet a person so distinguished."

"Ay, so you may," pursued Stephen, warming as he went on; "for in him ye'll meet the pride o' Tyne side; an', I'm proud to say, he that tops the heather there may carry a high head over broad England."

"I cannot doubt but that his lordship will do justice to your partial eulogium."

"I am sure he will; I have known him since he was a little moppet, not table height and therefore

[79]

have some right to speak—but, by and by, ye'll judge for yourself.”

Soon after this the worthy squire began to rake the remaining fire out of the grate; an operation which he invariably performed every night himself; previous to making a round of examination to ascertain ‘if all was safe.’

Frederick, perceiving that his careful relative was ‘bedward ruminating’ as Milton has it, took, at the same time the hint, and a chamber light; forthwith retiring to his dormitory. Here, but not until he had exercised his lungs pretty loudly (reader, there were then no delicately hung range of bells, to summon the slumbering gentry of the servants’ hall to their masters’ chambers), he was attended by his temporary valet. This was that Matthew who, the reader will recollect, was withdrawn from the buttery at Cramlington, to serve our hero on this occasion, the latter having discharged his own proper servitor, in London, for neglect of duty, and being as yet unprovided with a successor.

This special attendant appeared willing to make up for past delay, in the bustling show of activity which he exhibited, though, it must be confessed,

[80]

not with the happiest results. The fact was, that honest Matthew had found the Bywell ale so potent, as to derange, in no small degree, the usual steadiness of his deportment. Having issued those orders for the morrow, which had produced the summons, Frederick dismissed him, and sought his own repose.

[81]

CHAPTER VI.

“Si, mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

Nîl est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.”—*Hor. Ep.*

“For you sae douse ye sneer at this,

Ye’re nought but senseless asses.”—*Burns.*

WHILST the owner of the 'Lodge' and his young friend were indulging their social vein in the manner described in the last chapter, a contemporary scene was being acted, on an humbler stage, and by even less distinguished characters. As a prelude to its details we indulge our readers with a taste of biography.

Matthew Spour, to whom they have already been partially introduced, was a stout, burly fellow, rather past the spring of life. His physiognomy, one that would have been considered ugly, had it not contained a dash of sly good humour, redeemingly agreeable, subtracting a disposition

[82]

to pry into, and comment on the conduct of his superiors, he deserved the reputation of being a steady and trustworthy servant.

Sterne tells us that every man has his hobby, and —somebody, or any body, that each has his foible; (perhaps the propositions are convertible—no matter, either will suit our turn) it is, therefore, not to be imagined that Spour would be an exception to so universal a decree. His was of that nature which ruined an Anthony and destroyed a Leander. Yes, Matthew was partial to the softer sex, and never missed an opportunity of personally assuring its gentle members of the fact. Partial, however, as he was to female society, he had hitherto avoided committing himself in matrimony. Full many a time had/his intended nuptials been the theme of speculation to his compeers; and, as often, had their confident predictions been falsified. In sooth, our serving-man was wary and calculating, to a degree sundry of his Dulcineas had loudly denounced; not be it observed, that he could be accused of any downright baseness, for the professions which raised their hopes sprung more from a rhetorical indulgence, that had become habitual, than from the dictates of libertine design.

Some gossips said that Matthew wanted a

[83]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

‘comfortable sit down;’ and all, at least of the women; considered him ‘a deceiven’ man’ The truth, however, was, that our Giovanni of the buttery no more coveted any given object of his amorous courtship, than a foxhunter desires possession of the unsavoury animal he pursues; both being contented with the pleasures of the chase. Notwithstanding the pretty general question into which his good faith had fallen, he was a great favorite with the opposite sex; probably from the good-natured complacency he never failed to exhibit towards them, whether young or old; a trait in which he certainly deserves imitation.

Even during the short period that had elapsed since his arrival at the Lodge, this worthy had contrived to ‘do the civil: thing’ so effectually, as regarded Mrs. Barbara, the housekeeper, that he had taken a high station in her good opinion. In proof of which he had, on this, the second evening of his presence, been invited to quit the common servants’ room, and ensconce himself in a snug little box, appropriated to the sole use of the matron herself. An advance on the said part, not so equivocal as the reader may, at the first glance, suppose; for the crypt in question contained a glazed window, looking upon the kitchen; so that,

[84]

though apart, the inmates were not withdrawn entirely from the survey of others.

Here, about the time of the evening already indicated, we find Matthew seated over a jug of the squire’s stout ale, a beverage he loved, whilst his fair friend was employed in folding linen at an adjoining table. Such a propinquity could not long exist without bringing into play his characteristic spirit.

“I’m judgen, Mrs. Roddam,” we find him premising, in his smooth, gossiping way,” ye’ll hae a geyan cosey time ont here; the aud squire ‘ll not fash ye much.”

“Deed, but ye misken him,” was the prompt reply. “He’s a canny quiet man, the maister, that I’ll alloo; but then he kittles aboot the hoose, and fikes after farlies iv a way that’s whiles past biding; an’ if a fing-ger warks, there’s he to run and she to run, as gin it wus a kill-greif.”

“Odd’s-heft! noo ye speak on’t,” edged in Matthew, “I’ve heerd afore, that he wus a bit of a Mall Coddlin.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Aye! there it is noo!” returned Barbara,. sharply; “ aw warnt * that’s the Crammeldon
clash: my word! it sets them weel to ca’ ther betters

* I’ll warrant

[85]

past the’r neeam. What if he be a thowt femmer,* and careful o’ himsel? he’s the wiser
man for’t; good folks are scarce. But aw fancy, Maister Spour, ye, and them you speak o’,
wad hae ivery yen to be as ootward† gi’en as that mad-pash deevil, Squire Hall.”

“Faix! but yere wrang, Mrs. Roddam,” answered that individual, perceiving he had
missed his mark, and now willing to draw hack; “aw like sec folk ne better than yersel;
an’ as for th’ aud maister here—Wei! he’s worth a score and a half o’ them.”

“That-is-a,” followed Mrs. Roddam, speaking with a degree of honest feeling which did
her credit; “ Awm, seer, ‡ he hesn’t it in his heart; to hurt a flee; and thof he hes his bits
o’ whim whams, aw winnot hear him run doon.”

After this, silence ensued for a space, until Spour once more commenced operations, by
observing; “Aw wunner, Mrs. Roddam, t’Squire’s niwer getten wedded.”

“Lilli-wuns, wedded!” cried the housekeeper, elevating at the same time her hands and
eyebrows, in affected astonishment.

“Aye, wedded!” repeated the other, “ seer ye

* Effeminate.

† Dissolute, ranging.

‡ Sure.

[86]

canna say but he’s had a long enough time to please his-sel.”

Deil yen can [?] ye there: but, its ma beleif, t’ he’ll [?] mair yit. See [?]. canny man! he’s
ower fond o’ his awn calf-yaird*, to leave’t a deame-huntin’.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

What [?] that?" retorted Matthew; now intending to give his battery a direct point. "An' he'd been o' ma mind, he might ha' letten on yen wad hae ticed‡ his ee, an' no had far to seek."

This broad insinuation was accompanied by an equally broad leer, which was designed to make it the more intelligible in the 'proper quarter.'

"Loak-a-dazee! whe was she, then?" demanded Barbara; not, however, blind to the gallant inuendo.

"Wei! just a doncy§, gudlike quean, that aw ken on;" was the indeterminate answer; attended, however, by a smirking nod which made his meaning too obvious to be any longer overlooked.

"Kae! ye gawvison||!" exclaimed the opposite party, evidently tickled with the implied compliment; of the nature of which she no longer thought it necessary to affect ignorance: "Whatever

* Home.

† Signifies.

‡ Enticed.

§ Neat.

|| Fool.

[87]

could put secna gaumless* notion as that into yer heed?"

"A gaumless notion!" iterated Spour, putting on a look of sincerity offended; " trowly ye meyek a great haze-gaze† aboot nowght. Aw tell tha' what, mistress; ye dinna set a reet vallie on yersel, or ye might leuk up to as good as sit doon‡ as that comes te, withoot bein' ower pridefu'."

"Hout, fye! ye jeering bodie, had yer tongue," murmured Barbara, turning away, and exhibiting what, in her case, we shall call a degree of 'flusteration;' but which, under other circumstances, we should designate a 'lovely confusion.'

"Deed! it's my awn honest thowght," rejoined he; " an' it's their loss that divent think the seem."

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Heigh! Mister Matt,” said the housekeeper, changing her tone, and raising the apron corner to her eyes, according to the established usage in such cases; “ye didn’t ken the gud man aw lost, or ye waddent taak i’ that way; his match isn’t to be met iv a jiffy.”

“Hout, hinney!” struck in our worthy, in a cheering strain, “thou’ll mense§ a better man’s

* Silly.

† Wonder, fuss.

‡ Establishment.

§ Credit.

[88]

hoose yit, aw’ll warn’t tha; what! there’s as good fish i’ the sea as e’er cam oot on’t.”

Whilst he thus spoke his pleased listener was summoned to the parlor, and there informed that she had “other fish to fry.” In consequence, Matthew was, for a time, left to the undisturbed and unstinted enjoyment of his favorite potation; for, be it hinted, that the housekeeper, kind soul, snatched a moment from her duty of attendance, to replenish the exhausted jug which stood before him.

Barbara, or Mrs. Roddam, as we ought to call her, was really a trig, well looking dame, somewhere between thirty and forty. She was a childless widow; and, from her temperament altogether, could not reasonably be suspected of any aversion to a second husband. As she flitted past the eyes of Spour, in the discharge of her functions, he could not help remarking to himself that she was ‘a jaistering* jade.’ Indeed, so much had her attractions gained upon the amorous napkin bearer, that, although in the first instance he had only followed an habitual custom, in ‘making the agreeable,’ he now felt able to pay his compliments *con amore*. After remaining some time, seated in silent

* Airy, flaunting.

[89]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

composure, with one leg thrown across the other, his eyes were gladdened by her return and resumption of her former stationary position. Nor was this the only circumstance that cheered his senses; for there was incontinently placed before him divers edibles which had escaped consumption elsewhere; besides that, in prospect, flickered a spicy modicum of certain mulled claret.

Having done justice to the palatable fare presented him, affairs speedily returned into their formal channel, save that our pantry gallant, warmed by the good cheer of which he had partaken, became more direct in his attacks upon the heart of the susceptible Barbara. Raising a cup of the generous beverage, before glanced at, to his lips; and rolling an *oeillade* of unutterable meaning towards that matron, he exclaimed, "Here's wussing the sing-gle wedded, an' the wedded, weel." Then handing his cup to her, he continued, "Thou'll drink *that* wi' me theesel, wilt t'ou not? Awm seer it's a sonsy *wuss." "Me! aw'll drink ne sec wusses," repeated Mrs. Roddam, coquettishly, pushing away the offered

* Sound, desirable.

[90]

cup; "aw think folk had better bide asthey ar', an' let weel be weel."

"Aw doot ye say what ye'll no swear te, Mistress Babby," retorted the other, beginning now to feel quite at his ease. "Awm seer, for my awn pairt, if aw could hae letten on the likes o' thou aw'd ha' been marriet lang syne,"

"*Thou* marriet! He! he!" tittered his companion, seeking to parry so fair a thrust with a slighting laugh: "Could *thou* iver keep a wife wi' a thack* above her heed?"

"Aw'll be boun to meeak a fend i' some geeat," † was the reply. "There's yen aw ken on, 'ill be butler at Crammeldon some o' thor days, that's a seer case; and *then* we'll see what's what."

This hint fell like the 'sweet south' upon the greedy ear of Mrs. Roddam, who, having now finished her daily avocations, seated herself, with increased complacency, by the fireside.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“D’ye think noo,” inquired Matthew, with a sly expression, “that a lad like me (he was forty) would hev a chance o’ gotten a canny wife for tryen’?”

Barbara felt rather posed at this palpably

* Thatch.

† Way.

[91]

leading question; but twenty yeare’ experience in rustic banter came to her aid, and enabled her to meet it with a joke.

“Ou! there’s little fear,” said she, with a laugh; “there ne’er wurs a scabbed Jock yet but he could find a scabbed Jennot, an’ what fore shouldn’t ye?”

So disparaging a comparison might have disconcerted a man less used to the sex of a certain sphere, than our friend; with him it went for nothing.

“Thou’s ower hard on me, Mrs. Babby,” said he, laughing heartily; “but aw’ll not be nooled* i’ that way:” then stopping in his speech, and looking admiringly in the housekeeper’s face, he broke out— “Odds wowks! what an ee thou hes i’ thee heed, it’s like a lowwin† coal.”

“Had away wi’ yer gillabering‡— d’ye think awm a born goneril,”§ were the words with which Barbara received the ‘flattering unction,’ whilst a face of smiles gave their purport the lie, and encouraged repetition.

“Ma jewel,” exclaimed the under-butler, seeing his advantage, and seating himself by the side of

* Rebuked, put down.

† Blazing.

‡ Babbling discourse.

§ Simpleton.

[92]

[?]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

when a most unseasonable interruption took place.

“Barbary!” exclaimed a fretful voice, which smote with tingling familiarity on the alarmed tympanum of that female: “Barbary!” the voice repeated, “what’s the meaning of this work?”

The confounded domestics, on hearing these words, had no occasion to strain eyes after the

*Well fared.

[93]

identity of the speaker. It was too surely the squire himself, who, taper in hand, thus surprised them, whilst commencing his round of nightly inspection. Both looked excessively silly, and wished themselves any way but where they were.

Mr. Haggerstone, addressing himself to Matthew, said, with much acrimony, “You, Sir! could you not hear your master calling for you? he’s been bawling from the stair head till, I dare say, he’s roop’d, while you’re set up at your ease like a lord wi’ his madam; and”—here he glanced at the table, “truly it seems ye ha’ not sat black-fasting. But off wi’ ye, and attend your betters.”

The party he addressed did not hesitate an instant to obey the command, but hurried to his master’s chamber, well pleased so to escape.

“Eigh!” aspirated the squire, communing within himself, “I was a wise man to keep no such idle hanniels about my house, to turn it upside down. This loose blade has but been in it for a day or two, and I catch him, already, cuddling and cuttering wi’ my housekeeper.” Then regarding that individual who stood in a perplexed quandary, as to the most plausible defence to be made; he proceeded: “Barbary, I’m sorry to see a woman o’ your character let yourself down wi’ a cloit like yon, and neglect my house into the bargain.”

[94]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Oh, dear me, master!” whined the shame [?] matron, making a desperate effort to saume an air of mystified innocence; “Aw seen [?] think ye’d hae faulted me for gien a [?] tiv a stranger, and him [?] Frederick’s man.

“[?] ye know well enough I [?] at that. ‘Tis the unseemly [?] doubtless not without encouragement, that I complain of.”

“The drink, Sir, urgerd Barbara,” now recovered from her first discomfiture,”the drink had gotten into the lad’s head, and meyed* him forget his sel’; but, my sarty! aw’d hae set him to reets† if ye hadn’t come on us yoursel’-“

“Well, well!” returned her master, in a half-pacified tone; for under an acquired peevishness of manner, Stephen was, in reality, a very good-natured man: “there needs be no more on’t. Let’s see if all’s closed and safe. I hear one o’ the Heddons is stravaigin’ about the neighbourhood, and that’s reason enough for being careful.”

Thus speaking, the Squire, followed by his female chief of the staff, proceeded in his nocturnal peregrination.

* Made.

† Rights, have corrected him.

[95]

When this was completed, and the housekeeper anticipating a dry and silent dismissal for the night, to her great satisfaction Mr. Haggerstone relaxed from an unwontedly prolonged taciturnity.

“Dame,” said he, “ye’ll lay out my full mounted coat, and best periwig, for I am going abroad tomorrow; and, now I think on’t, I must ha’ my white silk hose and mittans, so mind they be at hand.”

“Sartly, Sir! ye’ll be for dinner with the Fenwicks.”

“No, I’m not for dinner with the Fenwicks!” iterated her master, tartly. “It’s enough for you to be at a bidding, and not fault your manners by asking questions.”

“Oh! ye’re pardon, Sir! Aw’ did but want to ken whether ye ettled a lang ride, that aw might lay ye out a pair o’ lamb’s wool, to put on aneath the silk, for fear o’ caud.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Hum! ay! that’s well enough thought on. Ye may do so, woman; and, likewise, get my riding cloak aired; it’s a gay while since I last wore’t, an’ I shouldn’t like to get a perishment through it. Now, Babby,” he added, softening, “good night t’ ye: gi’ your ways to rest, and rise up, if ye can, a discreeter woman.”

[96]

As he finished this concluding sentence, he began to ascend the easy low-stepped staircase, muttering, as he went, “I warn’t ye’re laying count for your own game when I’m away to-morrow; but I’ll spoil the sport. Yes, yes, Freddy shall take yon roisterer to Dilston wi’ us, and so stop that gallop.”

With this prudent resolve Stephen entered his chamber; and, in due time, betook himself to repose.

[97]

CHAPTER VII.

“O, Derwentwater’s a bonny lord,
He wears gowd in his hair;
And glenting in his hawking ee,
Wi’ kind love dwelling there.
Yestreen he cam’ to our lord’s yett,
An’ loud loud would he ca’,
Rise up, rise up for good king James,
And buckle and come awa’.” — *Old Ballad*.
“Still on he rode; a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view.” — *Crabbe*.

AT the date of our tale the noble race of Ratcliffe filled, as they had long done, a distinguished place amongst the magnates of northern England; the consideration accorded them being as much due to their individual virtues as to their rank. They were the worthy representatives of the ancient lords of Tynedale, and descended from that

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Ratcliffe whose name a bare mention in the pages of the immortal and truly 'heaven-born' Shakspeare has made

[98]

familiar to us. Sir Francis Ratcliffe, the immediate ancestor of the house, and first Earl of Derwentwater, was raised to that title by the ill advised James the Second. A circumstance which did not seem to be forgotten by those who followed him; for they still continued devoted adherents to that monarch's fallen dynasty, as well as Zealously attached to that church he would have reestablished. But this was not the sole reason for such a predilection; there was also the additional bond of blood, to give it acuteness and permanency: the second earl having espoused a natural daughter of Charles the Second, from which intermarriage issued the present inheritor of the title. Thus connected, it is easy to conceive that the cause of the Stuarts, which then divided even the most apathetic of the nation, should possess to the members of this family an absorbing and vital interest.

Resident almost continually in Northumberland, they were familiarized and endeared to the surrounding population. The roofs of Langley and of Dilstone alternatively rang with the sounds of festivity, rising from a board crowded with friends and neighbors. Old associations have a powerful influence over opinion; thence the respect the

[99]

vulgar, both great and little, show to rank: but not thence alone the estimation in which we, at this period, find the name of Derwentwater. That was, if not originated, confirmed and strengthened by impulses more personal and more substantial.

It is a matter somewhat anomalous that, notwithstanding its free institutions, its equality of rights, and its commercial spirit, there is no country in Europe wherein so much deference is paid to rank, or wherein the adventitious incidents of 'gentle' blood and ancient descent are so revered as in England. Nor is this obeisance offered, as one would willingly suppose, to the elevated sentiments, or cultivated intellect with which courtesy invests these favorites of fortune; but, on the contrary, appears solely dependant

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

on the incident itself. That respect should, and always must be rendered to the “great ones of the earth,” is an ordination we are far from impugning: it is the exclusive restriction of it to some, and, consequently, illiberal withholding of it from others which we marvel at in a country like ours. So universal is the infatuation in favor of this patent species of gentility, that it extends to all classes of the community, and on each has its peculiar mode

[100]

of operation. That the fortunate caste, which thus engrosses the dais of honor, should wish to block up its approaches and monopolise its delights is natural enough; but that the bulk of a trading people should join, with suicidal hands, to cut the line of fortune, not *below* but *above* their heads, is a type of Boeotian dulness. Yet in this manner *do* the commonalty act from day to day; overlooking insolence, hauteur, or open sensual indulgence, in a man of family, as matters of prescriptive toleration; whereas, the same in another individual, of far excelling deserts, but accused of springing from their *own* body, would be visited with sarcasm and obloquy.

Having this prejudice running so strongly in their favor, nothing is easier than for the highborn and powerful to obtain and retain popularity. The most trivial piece of condescension, the smallest civility, a nod, a smile, or jocose word, coming from so honored a source, is never forgotten by those on whom it is bestowed. Such little memorabilia are treasured by the dependent son of the soil, and oft related, with harmless exaggeration, by the cottage hearth.

Is it from morbid pride—is it from impenetrable fatuity—or is it from a reckless contempt of every thing servile that we find so many of our insular

[101]

hidalgos despising the ‘golden opinions’ of their plebeian fellow countrymen, when they are to be obtained, not only at any easy cost, but even, in many cases, by means which, like ‘twice blessed mercy,’ confer pleasure on “him who gives, and on him who takes?”—we are not prepared to decide.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

James, the third and existing inheritor of the earldom, was a young nobleman, gifted with qualities the reverse of those above deprecated. He knew it to be a duty—he felt it to be a gratification to conciliate his less favored fellow men. Courteous, affable, and (homely but essential recommendation) good humored, he commanded the unqualified regard of all who came within the range of such influence. The proprietor of wide domains, he had the power—generous and munificent, he had the will—to do much good. In the flower of youth, with spirits buoyant, and appetites uncloyed, we find him, at this moment, surrounded by ‘all appliances and means’ that, combined, render existence desirable. He had married early the accomplished daughter of a Dorsetshire baronet, who had already added to his happiness the desirable matrimonial appendage of a son, and gave indications of a future increase. This lady was rigidly devoted to the Roman faith; and even exceeded.

[102]

her lord in zeal for the cause of exiled royalty; which, indeed, she considered as almost a part of her religious duty.

One drop of bitterness did lurk in the otherwise honied cup of the youthful Derwentwater. This was in being exposed, together with his other non-juring fellow subjects, to much of the suspicion and invidious restriction the state of the times unhappily involved. Not, however, that we would have it supposed a man of Lord Derwentwater’s rank and character could suffer much directly personal annoyance from this source; enough that his inward feelings, as an English gentleman, were sorely tested under the bare idea of its possibility. The expatriated condition of that royal house whose members he personally knew and loved, was also a circumstance which, coupled with the former, seemed thrown into the aggregate of his temporal fortune, as if intended to maintain that immutable decree which forbids perfect happiness to mortals.

Dilstone, or Devylstone, as it was called in the feudal ages, when it formed the baronial strength of the Devylstounes and the lords of Tynedale, is situated in that part of Northumberland which lays southward of the Tyne. The ancient castle had

[103]

been either removed, or so far incorporated into a modern structure, commenced by a former, and completed by the present earl, that little or no part of it was now visible. This renovated mansion, which now constituted the lordly residence of the Ratcliffes, stood on the brow of an abrupt knoll or mount, that rose at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the river before named. A rocky and romantic brook, called the Devil Water, skirted two sides of the hill on which the hall was situate, afterwards taking a direct course into the Tyne. By this means the locality of the hall became a sort of peninsula; or what, if we could suppose the Devil Water to be the sea, would be more aptly denominated a jutting headland. The sides of this stream, which makes hereabout some beautiful windings, were luxuriantly clothed with wood; and the whole formed an exquisitely picturesque dell, wherein the taste of the owners had contrived many shady and delightful walks. The house itself crowned the elevation above the brook; and, overlooking the trees that clustered the descent, commanded an extensive and lovely prospect, both up and down the great vale of the Tyne in which it was placed.

At the distance of three miles, looking up that

[104]

adjacent river, the town of Hexham, with its towering abbey church, breaks pleasingly upon the sight: across the valley, and nearly opposite to Dilstone, the eye meets the imposing façade of Beaufront, together with its stretching sweep of forest; whilst, eastward, the little town of Corbridge, placed where the expanded bed of the rapid flood is crossed by a long handsome bridge, forms a cheerful and prominent object. Probably to make the most of this diversity of prospect, the hall, which was a compact pile, had three distinct faces; the southern one being to be considered as the grand front only from its containing the great entrance. It was built in the solid and uniform style prevailing in the seventeenth century; and, at the period of which we write, some late improvements still remained incomplete; and, alas! never saw completion,—but this is anticipating. A little in advance of the south face was a large gateway, supported between stone pillars, through which the approach, after compassing round the side of the hill opposite to the Devil's Brook, entered the immediate precincts of the mansion. A few yards from this

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

gateway stood a small stone edifice, of ordination sufficiently obvious. It was a chapel, in which the domestic chaplain, if we may so call the ghostly

[105]

father of a catholic household, regularly officiated. Around the limits, to which our description has mainly been confined, an extensive and magnificent park spread its verdure over a pleasingly diversified surface.

On this enviable demesne did the Earl of Derwentwater sustain all the profuse hospitality of the ancient barons. Here it was that Mr. Haggerstone purposed to conduct his lovelorn nephew; and here we shall anon take the liberty of conveying the reader.

At high noon, on the day following that we last saw to a close, these gentlemen found themselves on their way to Dilstone. They were attended by Matthew, who followed at some distance on a stout road nag. The weather being remarkably fine, the atmosphere clear, and the air charged with a bracing sharpness, they experienced in full those exhilarating sensations—that enjoyment of existence which a ride under such auspices excites. With Frederick the feeling was doubly intense; for he experienced, in addition, all the thrilling delectations which the consciousness of approaching the amiable tyrant of his fancy could arouse. He endeavored to paint to himself the manner in which she would recognise him; and this he did in various

[106]

ways. Of all these, none was so unpalatable as that which supposed a reception civil, even cordial, but easy and void of *empressement*. To efface such a coldly tinted picture from his mind, he had recourse to the tablets of memory. He recalled and conned over every little incident of *the* voyage, and strove to wrench from several an aggregate offering to his self-love. Not a word, a look, an inflection of the voice, a fancied pressure of the arm, but was remembered, and now put in array to elicit a conclusion that he was not an object of indifference. Had he been a vain misjudging coxcomb, he might have strained to this purpose a crowd of reminiscences, furnished by the single minded energy of manner—the unguarded *naïveté* of language peculiar to a girl like Dulcis. He, however, was veritably

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

the reverse; and therefore attributed not a too personal application to what had confessedly entrapped his senses, as the unconfined redolence of fragrant nature. That he had been preferred to the morose Featherstone was a circumstance too simple, as well as too obvious, for him to build thereon any superstructure. Nay, he even felt it a drawback; for he argued, might not the seeming favor he had obtained in the young lady's eyes be really owing to a wish thereby to

[107]

distance this positively obnoxious suitor, rather than from any peculiar preference to himself? Occupied in this manner, Frederick paid but a scanty attention to the common-place observations with which his worthy relative sought to beguile the way; nor was it until on crossing the river at Corbridge, when the stately seat of destination came in sight, that his thoughts became alive to the more ordinary realities of the occasion. As they ascended the slope leading to the house, owing to the slow careful pace Mr. Haggerstone invariably maintained, they were overtaken and passed by sundry horsemen, evidently making for the same conspicuous object. These were, for the most part, bluff, good-looking, and well mounted country gentlemen, by all of whom the squire was hailed in terms of familiar cordiality, several casting at the same time inquiring, but not uncivil looks on his companion. When they had nearly gained the gates, one solitary cavalier cantered up:—his erect seat, and the assured, reckless manner in which he looked around distinguished him remarkably from those who had preceded. As he passed, he threw a glance of insolent scrutiny over our two friends, which Frederick haughtily returning, recognised his quondam acquaintance, Captain

[108]

Featherstone. Their eyes met, but the soldier withdrew his immediately, and proceeded onward without giving any token of recognition. The young man forthwith consulted his uncle concerning this person; but it appeared that, unlike the others, he was quite unknown to that gentleman. What speculations this *rencontre* might have suggested

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

remains in doubt, for a few paces brought them to the area in front of the hall. This they found crowded with grooms, park keepers, and the like, intermingled with recently quitted saddle horses and stray hounds. In short, all the promise and bustle of a great establishment pervaded the purlieu of the place.

As they dismounted, and Matthew, by the directions of his master, was assisting Mr. Haggerstone in that, to him, awkward operation, a little, brisk, bandy legged personage, with a large head, most of which was occupied by a waggish face, pressed forward, and, thrusting the other aside, insisted on being himself the squire's equerry.

"Wunters! is that au'd Haggerstone o' Bywell?" was his first, soliloquizing, cry; convinced of which fact, he elbowed himself into notice in the manner we have seen.

"Hegh, Sir! but awm blithe to see ye here tha' day. It's a gey time

[109]

sin ye war last this road. Gi' thy ways by (to Matthew), aw'll help the squire doon mysel, an' it 'ill no' be the first time."

"Thank ye, Tristy! Thank ye!" said Mr. Haggerstone, on reaching the ground, "ye were always a useful body. But how are ye living yourself, man? Are the pipes still in tune? Can ye rattle off the *'Way to Wallington'* as well as ever? Eh!"

"Ou," answered the man, with a complacent jerk of his capacious poll, "can aw not? What did they say last Ovingham fair? Wei', that Dil'-son Tristy twanked a mair leetsome elbow than him* wi' the half meeun on his'n."

"What! did ye whaup down Alnwick Simie before the bailiff an' all his own people?"

"Ay! ax ony o' the Tyneside lads else. But ye'll be hearing me afore the day's ower, an' then ye'll judge whether aw'm warsened or not."

This brief dialogue attracted our hero's regards to the last speaker, whom he rightly guessed, from the badge on his arm, to be the earl's household piper.

"I hope I will, Tristy," observed the squire in reply. "Ye seem to have a house full o' company;

*A musical dependant of the noble house of Percy, still retained. He bears on his sleeve the family badge, a silver crescent.

[110]

though, I dare say, that's not a thing unusual wi' you here,"

"Nee, truly, squire; but this time they're aw o' the reet sort: neyen o' your Bruns'ick rats—."

"Whisht, whisht, man!" broke in Mr. Haggerstone, now preparing to ascend the entrance steps, "there's no good can come of opening one's own mouth only to fill those of other folks. Here's something to oil your pipes." So saying he entered the house, followed by his nephew, leaving the piper to pocket his donation at leisure.

On passing the porch, they were shown through a lofty marble hall into an apartment, wherein they divested themselves of what, in the slang of modern bagmen, is termed the upper crust; or in other words, their riding envelopes and appendages. It may be observed, by the way, that this done our two friends stood disclosed in no discreditable guise. Frederick's handsome person was proof, even against the ill designed costume of his day; and Mr. Haggerstone's portly figure, invested in a full dress suit of his favorite slate color, ample wig, and long, cream colored hose, drawn over the knees of his *culottes*, was an object not to be overlooked. From this place they were conducted, by a groom of the chambers, up a spacious and highly

[111]

ornamented staircase, and ushered into a splendid saloon, the walls of which were pilastered and corniced in blue and gold. Herein were already assembled a number of guests, principally gentlemen, from whom arose a buzz of cheerful conversation, which greeted the ears of those approaching before the parties themselves were visible. Frederick threw a searching glance amongst the different groups that circled round the windows, and lounged on costly settees around, but without descrying the faultless form he wished.

They were received by their noble host, with all that bland courtesy which was his distinguishing characteristic. When Mr. Haggerstone introduced his nephew, and explained the liberty he had taken in bringing him hither, a shade of perplexity dwelt for

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

an instant on the earl's countenance. This, however, incontinently yielded place to its customary placidity, and he politely expressed his pleasure in receiving any friend of Mr. Haggerstone's. He then proceeded to rally the squire, in a good humored strain, on his sleek, happy appearance, after a style which showed him well acquainted with his peculiarities.

Whilst his lordship was thus employed, Frederick had ample opportunity for scanning his

[112]

person, and did not fail to make a due use of it. His stature was rather below than above the middle size, and figure slight; but this was, in effect, compensated by a graceful and alert carriage. His features were regular, complexion clear and fair, and the form of his face round and pleasing. It was, altogether, of that character which we embrace by the cottage term, comely. There was in it, moreover, a sweet amenable expression, which immediately found its way to the heart of the beholder. Of this latter quality Lilburne already felt the effects; for he even now experienced an incipient friendliness towards the owner, only requiring culture to ripen to account. From this contemplation he was roused by the young nobleman himself, who addressed to him some civil common-place remarks, to which he was about to make a return when his uncle interrupted him.

"Your lordship forgets," said that old gentleman, in a fussy way, "that we ha' not paid our respects to my lady."

"Oh! pardon me! my good Sir; that is true. Have the goodness to follow me, gentlemen."

At which words, with a light step, he led the way to the upper part of the saloon, where the countess was seated, conversing with his lordship's brother and a grave bilious looking man in black.

[113]

Lady Derwentwater was a fine woman, though not positively handsome. Her face was a pale oval, with an expression thoughtfully pensive; accompanied, however, by a dash of haughty decision. Her head, classically shaped and exquisitely poised upon a swan-like neck, she bore with an air of uncommon dignity. She was attired rather richly than gaily;

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

and a large ebony cross, suspended at her bosom by a gold chain, gave token of attachment to a creed then viewed with jealousy and dislike.

Her ladyship answered the introduction of the two last comers by a courtesy of quiet self-possession. To Mr. Haggerstone she unbent a little in conversation, but towards Frederick maintained a degree of cold reserve which left him at a loss how to conduct himself.

The embarrassment this occasioned was perceived by the earl, who considerably relieved it, by drawing him into a conversation, which soon became mutually interesting. Both had been travellers, and had sojourned in the same cities; consequently, they had an almost inexhaustible fund of common knowledge to draw upon.

Of congenial tastes, and thus initiated, the young men were becoming rapidly more and more pleased

[114]

With each other, when the arrival of some belated guests called the earl to other duties. He did not however, quit our hero's side until he had summoned his brother, and recommended the former to his attention.

The honorable Charles Ratcliffe was some years younger than his amiable relative, being only at what we may call the dawn of manhood. There was little resemblance between them; Charles not only being of more robust bodily frame, but, also, of more decided and fiery mental qualities. His form was manly, and features handsome; their configuration denoted a bold and adventurous spirit.

He *did*, indeed, comply with the wishes of his gentle brother, so far as to direct his civilities towards Frederick; but that individual felt an immediate want of the winning softness and good-natured freedom which had proved so conciliating in the other.

"You are a native of this county, I believe, Mr. Lilburne," inquired the youth, first breaking silence.

The answer was, of course, an affirmative.

"Yet you appear rather a stranger, at least in this part of it."

[115]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“I confess, too much so. The fact is, that since I was fifteen, I have been kept away, first at college, and latterly by travel. I intend, however, now to make up for lost time.”

“You had better; I can assure you that you will find some choice fellows hereabout. Then, if you are a sportsman, the western moors will delight you. Some of our neighbors keep good packs too, which often give us beautiful runs.”

“I have heard as much, and promise myself great pleasure in that way,” was the civil rejoinder.

Commencing in this jejune style, the conversation held on languidly until the long looked for entrance of Mr. Errington, with his fascinating daughter hanging on his arm, quite deprived Frederick of the slight disposition he ever had to continue it. Nor was it of any consequence, for the moment Charles Ratcliffe perceived the Erringtons he murmured a brief apology, and hastened to meet them, abandoning Frederick to his own resources. The latter followed the movement with a startled eye, and had the anticipated delight of meeting Dulcis damped by seeing another promptly occupy the place he so sanguinely promised to himself alone. From behind the

[116]

chance projection of a window he watched, with the eyes of a lynx, the reception given to the youth, and was ashamed to confess himself chagrined by its cordiality. Furthermore, his discomfort was *not* decreased, by remarking the familiar way in which Mr. Ratcliffe led the blooming girl up to the chair of Lady Derwentwater, by whom she was received with that easy kindness which betokens not only regard, but close intimacy. Dispirited and uncomfortable, and vexed with himself for being so, he turned from the contemplation which annoyed him, and sought, not amusement, but the semblance of being amused, in looking through the window into the park. Whilst in this position he was roused by a sharp slap over the shoulder; and, on turning round, beheld Errington, standing with outstretched hand and smiling looks, impatient to greet him.

“Lilburne! my dear boy!” exclaimed that gentleman, in his quick joyous way, “who would have thought of meeting you here, and at such a time too? What! begun to feel aright after all. Well, I’m glad on’t. I was sure you were too spirited a fellow to side with

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

a few low scrubby knaves, in keeping their lawful king from his own. Happy to see you, upon my soul.”

[117]

“And, believe me, I feel equal pleasure,” said the other, warmly returning the friendly pressure; “but you labor under some mistake as to my sentiments being changed, they continue the same as they have ever been.”

“The devil they do!—then—a—a—well! no matter. You are acquainted with the earl of course? A fine fellow, is he not?”

“Indeed, I am quite charmed with his manners. He appears to be a most amiable man.”

“So in truth he is,” returned the other. “Then, Charles, how like you him?—Fine spirited lad?—Eh?”

“Oh! I dare say—Don’t like him so well as his brother though—Something too hard, too abrupt in his deportment. Your volcanic temperaments are not to my taste; and such I should pronounce that of Mr. Ratcliffe.”

“Why, yes! I will grant you are not wide of the mark. Perhaps he may also want a little improvement in his humanities generally; but time will do that. —He is only a stripling. —I can assure you, however, that he is in high favor with *le beau sexe*, and shows no remissness in his approaches thitherward.”

As this latter encomium did not, by some

[118]

means, strike a very harmonious chord in our hero’s fancy, he allowed it to pass in silence.

“By the way, Lilburne,” pursued his friend, “discussing manners—what I have, from the first, relished in your character is, that you steer so exquisitely between two extremes, often exhibited by youth: having, abundantly, solid parts, without being, in consequence, unseasonably sedate—life and energy, without a drawback of rakehelly affectation. I abominate dulness even in ‘grave and reverend signior;’ but I also detest being bored by a

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

forward whipster, who hopes to be esteemed a lad of spirit, merely because he is obtrusively silly, or audaciously reckless of common observances.”

Scarcely was this speech concluded, before a tall, bluff, Drawcansir-looking man, in a demi-military costume, but whose uplifted crest, swaggering gait, and copper countenance were alone sufficient to proclaim him a knight of the sash and gorget, strode up to the speaker, and saluted him in loud sonorous accents. “Ha! Errington, my old Trojan!” he cried, “I’m rejoiced to see you. It’s what I have been some time courting? indeed ever since I heard you had arrived.”

“Why then did you not seek me sooner? You

[119]

could guess where I might be found. Hareslaw is still to the fore yet, thank heaven!”

“How you talk, Dick! Don’t you remember that I have been over the border, in Nithisdale, for some time past? All’s ripe there, I can tell you. But what news do *you* bring us from the other side of the water? Are we soon to have a brush for it?”

“Hem!—Ahem!” cried Mr. Errington, clearing his throat, after a fit of coughing, with which he had been suddenly seized in the middle of the other’s address. “Captain Shaftoe, a word in your ear.—An old friend, Mr. Lilburne; you will excuse us.”

Both parties then withdrew, a few paces aside, and a very earnest conversation ensued between them.

Meantime dinner being announced, most of the assembled guests, obeying the signal, streamed towards the denoted quarter.’

Frederick looked around in search, first of Dulcis, and next of his uncle; but both had already disappeared. Nothing, therefore, remained, but, for him to fall into the confused train of gentlemen, who brought up the rear of this *all-interesting* procession. In passing along a partially

[120]

obscured gallery, he found himself in contact with two persons in moving chat, one of whom was the unsocial Featherstone, the other a stranger. Unconscious of being

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

overheard by the identical party himself, the latter addressing the former, said,— “Pray who was that gentlemanly young man that old Haggerstone brought here with him today?”

“Why, who of all people do you think?” answered the other, with a preliminary sneer, which almost overturned the said party’s prudence; “but a son of that Hanoverian pickthank, Justice Lilburne.”

“Impossible!” Can he be with us?”

“I know little of the fellow therefore cannot answer, further than this;—that when once I heard him express himself, it was in the ordinary strain of his d—d whiggish kindred.”

“Nay! but old Haggerstone is true, and surely he would not bring—”

Frederick heard no more. Enough had, however, met his ear to make him feel exceedingly uncomfortable; for he became now convinced, of what had been for some time occurring to him; namely, that through the inconsiderate simplicity of his uncle, he was plumped down amidst a

[121]

coterie, for which he wanted the proper credentials. Such sensations as these, he was, at present, obliged to pass over, the achievement of the “banquet hall” having awakened other considerations.

[122]

CHAPTER VIII.

“I cannot prate, in puling vein,
Of lady love and beauty’s chain.” — *Byron*.

WHEN Lilburne passed the wide thrown portals of the dining-room, the sumptuous board of its munificent owner, already margined by the greater part of the visitors now in the house, presented itself to his view. These were chiefly gentlemen of the neighborhood, with a few others, bearing a travelled and peculiar air, which distinguished them from the

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

rest Of this class, Mr. Errington, who occupied a seat near the earl, was the most distinguished. Featherstone and Shaftoe also appertained to it, though after a rude fashion. The few ladies that embellished the scene, were all, with one exception, known to the reader, the wives of some or other of the first mentioned portion of guests.

Looking along the goodly line of faces, Frederick

[123]

discovered the full composed visage of his honest relation, and, moreover, a vacant chair at his side. Thither he immediately hastened. It appeared that the squire, characteristically attentive to trifles, had waddled off at the earliest notice, to secure to himself an eligible place; and, not content with his own accommodation, the worthy man had also preserved a second for the comfort of his less provident nephew.

We will not dilate upon the rare viands and costly wines that, in lavish profusion, tempted the grosser senses; neither will we dwell on the niceties of table etiquette, then carried to a height; being of opinion that a *description* of such matters is but a tantalizing sort of affair. Grace being said by the priest of the household, the regards of all were absorbed in the active application of *la fourchette*. Even our hero was so unhero-like, as to allow this vulgar business to engross a moderate share of his attentions. The clatter of plates, interchange of pledges, and hurry of servants having at length subsided, he found himself enabled to survey the character and position of his neighbors. In the very outset of this review he made a discovery, which at once anticipated its extension, and satiated all his wishes.

[124]

During the bustle of removing the cloth, Mr. Haggerstone, being in a state of self-complacent repletion, had drawn his chair a little from the table, in order that he might thereby have scope to stretch and indulge himself more at ease. By this movement Frederick was apprised, as above hinted, of a felicitous vicinage, which he had not before suspected, the bulky person of the squire having operated as a screen to the particular quarter. This, but it is already guessed, was that of Miss Dulcis Errington, who occupied a place on the right hand of his portly relation. The pleasure of being thus near that

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

attractive maiden was not, however, without a temporary alloy; for a second observation informed him that young Ratcliffe was her further neighbor; and, apparently, neither a silent nor an indifferent one. There is an adage, which says, 'that misfortunes seldom come single.' On this occasion, as if to prove that the converse of the proposition was also true, Mr. Ratcliffe was presently drawn away by a message from his brother. Seeing the young lady thus thrown open to his advances, he eagerly sought to arrest her attention; and, having succeeded, bowed a marked recognition. The eloquent eyes of Dulcis emitted their, to him, sweetest oratory, as, with a gracious return, she acknowledged remembrance.

[125]

She looked, at this moment, surpassingly beautiful. Never before had Frederick seen her lovely person invested in all the heightening embellishments of dress; he was, therefore, the more struck with its dazzling brilliancy. Not that the lady received any new charms from a gay and radiant vesture, but that those she already possessed were thereby more advantageously developed. It has become common-place to speak of "beauty unadorned adorned the most:" and it may offend many ancient women, who read novels, to hear the doctrine impugned. Nevertheless, we opine that, however just it may be, as applied to the heaping on of superfluous ornament, when used in disparagement to the arts of the toilette generally, it is palpable *stuff*.

There existed one feature in the attire of Dulcis, on this occasion, which deserves mention, as contrasting admirably with the stiff formal head-gear of the other ladies. It was, that her glossy black tresses were arranged in a style then prevalent upon the continent, and called, from its inventress, "*la Fontange*" It consisted in ribbons and flowers tastefully intermingled with the curls, and falling over the temples and upon the neck in an "admired disorder." The effect with her was

[126]

indescribably striking. Upon the perfect form before him Lilburne feasted his sight in a sort of spell-bound silence; whilst the fair object of his regards entered into a strain of

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

playful pleasantry with Mr. Haggerstone. In sportive guise, she offered herself as spouse to the squire, enlarging extravagantly on the notable qualities she abounded in. This offer the old gentleman good-humoredly declined.

“No, no! my bonny lamb,” said he, laughing, and shaking his head, “that would never do. I would be mobbed by all the lads in the county even for thinking o’ such a thing. They must be both fair haired and brent browed that set up for thee. Now had I been a young lively blade, like my nevoy here, it would ha’ made up all the odds.”

It may be imagined that the party here alluded to did not sit entirely unembarrassed, to hear himself thrust forward in this homely way, as the *beau ideal* of a proper man.

Raising his eyes, however, cautiously to the face of the lady, he perceived that she also looked conscious, colored considerably, and had cast her eyes bashfully to the ground. In noting this trifling show of disorder, he felt a transient thrill of pleasure: for his knowledge of human nature suggested to him, that the amount of self-possession displayed

[127]

under these sort of *gaucheries*, is always in a correspondent ratio with the indifference entertained. Though this takes some time in exposition, it must not be supposed that Frederick was equally long in making up a suitable *nothing*, which served equally to parry his uncle’s sally and introduce his own voice into the conversation. A lively reply followed from Dulcis, which, breaking down the barriers of primary reserve, admitted a flood of recollections, that, in conning over, soon brought about a renewal of the unrestrained communication they had arrived at during their first meeting.

Chatting gaily on, the nominal trio—nominal, as the squire speedily became a cipher—fell from topic to topic, until they rested, with some continuance, upon the characteristics of their lady hostess.

“See,” exclaimed Dulcis, directing their attention to where she sat; “is there not something peculiarly dignified in the indulgent, yet controlling manner with which she receives the forward civilities of young Wogan?”

“What the debonair looking youth, in the flaxen periwig?”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“The same. Now she draws up her head, and you may see her fine neck to advantage. But you

[128]

do not join with me—I see the countess is not one of your favorites.”

“Pardon me, dearest Miss Errington,” said Frederick, deprecatingly, “if I confess that there *is* something in her ladyship’s deportment too sombre—too chilling for my taste.”

“Ah! but if you knew her more,” cried Dulcis, with an air of zealous interest, “you would admire her commanding spirit and strength of mind. Oh! she is so delightfully inaccessible to all paltry womanish considerations. I am sure you will ultimately like her.”

“I shall willingly try,—but I fear the result,” he answered, with a soft smile. “Your commanding, strong minded women, generally, I may say universally, are devoid of those gentler qualities, those winning, because purely feminine, blandishments which constitute the real, the golden requisites of your loved and lovely sex.”

“Then I find, Sir,” retorted she, with a pretty assumption of pique, which only made her look the more attractive, “that you would consider woman as merely a sort of living plaything, with which to amuse your leisure hours. Energy, or even wit, you hold, I suppose, quite superfluous; and an independent will as little short of high

[129]

treason against the rights of glorious man. Perhaps, Mr. Lilburne, as you are a traveller, you have been amongst the Mussulmen, and have learned to believe that we have no souls.”

“Nay, sweet young lady, to entertain such sentiments were to prove myself without one. The painted lamp of beauty, without the internal flame of mental light I cannot choose, but hold to be valueless. I would only urge the superior account of the *softer* virtues in the *softer* sex.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Pray, Mr. Lilburne, how shall I understand you?” rejoined Dulcis, still affecting a grave air. “Do you not mean to assert that a female of vigorous mental powers is necessarily hard and repelling in her manners?”

“Certainly not *necessarily*. I have before me a delightful example of the contrary,”— gallantly bowing.

“There it is now!” exclaimed our heroine, elevating her eyebrows, “I might have expected that. But to prove that I have some slender title to your compliment, I shall not allow it to pass with me for an answer.”

“Well, then, lovely catechist, to speak seriously, I think that man requires, in the opposite sex, a

[130]

relief, a relaxation, from the rugged unevenness of his own. The tightened bowstring of his spirit requires to be unloosed by the tender yet powerful witcheries which woman can alone use. Now, the more she is disposed to cultivate masculine powers, or call them energetic powers, the more is she induced to neglect and overlook those essentials which are her natural virtues. In short, I admire and respect talent wherever I find it, if in a lady, the more; but should it be unaccompanied by the mellifluent graces I allude to, that respect might grow into friendship, but would never warm into love.”

“May not that be a proof of vulgar taste on your part?”

“I cry you mercy, perhaps it may. I can nevertheless assure you that it is a prevailing taste.”

“Oh, I dare say it may,” cried the lady, pouting her lip; “men are Goths enough to indulge such notions. But, after all, I conceive that you mean not to decry high intellectual pretensions in us poor daughters of Eve, except in so far as you imagine they induce a contempt, or inaptness for —” she paused.

“Those peculiar feminine endowments, which

[131]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

are their best means of enslaving mankind.—Yes, Miss Errington, that is exactly my sentiment”

“But this discussion has caused us to lose sight of the countess,” observed Dulcis. “That sombre expression, of which you complain, arises from no ignoble source.; It is a consequence of the interest, the vital interest, she takes in the cause of an exiled monarch and a depressed church, and furnishes a claim to our admiration rather than the contrary.”

“And can Miss Errington, a protestant! sympathize in such feelings?” asked Frederick, following, a little imprudently, the spur of the moment.

“Certainly I can,” was the quick retort, whilst the eyes of the fair speaker shot forth all their abundant lustre; “her religious impulses I can well imagine; and my being a protestant does not alter my duty towards my lawful sovereign.”

“Meaning the chevalier St. George,” said Frederick, a little too adventurously.

“Meaning King James the Third, Sir,” retorted the lovely enthusiast with great emphasis, “my king-and yours”

“Well said my dainty bird,” chimed in the squire, who had listened a long time in silence, now hearing something he could take up: “ye

[132]

speak like your father’s daughter, and I love ye a world more for’t.”

“Is it quite prudent to express yourselves thus freely,” remarked Lilburne, forgetting the atmosphere he breathed.

“Within the walls of Dilstone House, I should not have expected such a question,” replied the young lady, bending upon him, at the same time, a puzzled and inquiring look.

Frederick became immediately sensible of the impolicy of entering into any collision with the obvious spirit of the place, and now sought to change the subject.

“Pardon me—you are right,” said he. Then instantly resumed, by way of diversion, “Look, dear Miss Errington, yonder is our old acquaintance, Captain Featherstone, honoring this quarter, from the corner of his cavernous eye. I cannot bring myself to like that man—but I crave pardon, he is a friend of yours.”

“My father and Captain Featherstone have transactions which draw them together, but further he is no friend: indeed, our first knowledge of him is little older than your own,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Mr. Lilburne.” As she made this reply, her looks were unconsciously thrown towards Mr. Errington, with

[133]

an air of solicitude, which seemed to import no happy opinion of the connexion in question.

The return of Mr. Charles Ratcliffe, to the seat he had formerly occupied, now changed the posture of affairs; and gave the stricken heir of Cramlingdon cause to exclaim with Macbeth, “thence comes my fit again.” He was relieved, however, from the torment of watching long the animated colloquy that ensued between Dulcis and that gentleman, by the movement of Lady Derwentwater, which, of course, entailed a similar duty on the part of the remaining ladies. All shortly withdrew. In retiring, Miss Errington bestowed upon Frederick and Mr. Haggerstone a gracious valedictory bend, and glided lightly from the room, followed by more eyes than those of our enamoured hero. An opportunity now occurs of ringing the changes, in an approved style, on—a body bereft of its soul—the sunflower, deprived of the solar beam, and many other equally apt *figuræ sententiarum*, whereby to illustrate the young gentleman’s henceforth condition. From these, however, we refrain, and turn to other matter.

As soon as the gentlemen were left to themselves, a loose was given to all the boisterous conviviality which prevailed so much in England at

[134]

this era; and no where to greater extent than amongst the gentry of Northumberland. Of late, it has been the fashion to stigmatize this sort of after dinner indulgence, both as irrational in itself, and ungallant towards the fair; and to laud in its stead, the cold *café* and *limonade* trifling of the continental *salon*. We, however, are antediluvian enough to confess a predilection for the hearty old English custom; which, far from injuring the cause of beauty, paves the way for its ultimate victory. Then as to the alleged irrationality— What other allotment of the day’s duration produces a tithe of the eloquence and wit this seldom fails to develope?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Though going apparently out of the way to make the above remark, we do not seek to palliate the Bacchanalian orgies once so prevalent, and to which, the aspect of the board at Dilstone was, perhaps, too much assimilated. All was there life and mirthful humour, whilst copious libations were poured down on every side in rapid succession. The earl's household piper, stationed in an anti-room, entertained the guests with several lively tunes. Not, gentle reader, on the dissonant Scottish bagpipe, but on the softer and more pleasing instrument which may still be heard beneath the towers

[135]

of Alnwick's princely castle. The familiar strains raised; as music always does, a genial glow on the faces of all around. Even Frederick, albeit that he was in love, would have been carried away by the hilarity of the occasion, but for a certain awkwardness attendant upon his unacknowledged situation. The same momentarily increased. For as the wine operated, songs were sung, and toasts given, of a complexion highly inimical to the existing government: nay, further, hints and allusion indicative of something more than mere passive disaffection, flew round. Connected as he was with opposite principles, it may, therefore, be supposed his predicament was not an enviable one. Mr. Errington, Featherstone, and one or two others, drew up towards the earl, and an earnest conversation ensued amongst them in an under tone. An intuitive conviction pressed upon him, that he, himself, was partially the subject of their council, which notion was confirmed by the occasional glances thrown in his direction. [He impatiently longed for a means of extricating himself, but none occurred.]

Whilst this was going forward at one extremity of the board, Charles Ratcliffe, at the other, kept alive the festive spirit. One of the young

[136]

gentleman's toasts reached the ear of Frederick, and claimed his immediate attention. It was prefaced by a glowing harangue, and couched in these terms:— "Miss Errington, the sweetest blossom of our Tynedale heather."

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Uproarious applause followed; in the midst of which, our young friend filled a bumper, and drained it to the dregs; accompanying the act with a fervent aspiration for the happiness of the unconscious Dulcis.

Soon after this, consulting his watch, he tapped his uncle on the shoulder, and hinted to him that it was time to leave the table. For this he had another motive besides the obvious one; namely, the hope of again seeing Dulcis, in the withdrawing-room, previous to their departure. Mr. Haggerstone, who had been for some time, what a horse-keeper would call—“on the fret,” for fear of being compelled to drink too deep, gladly took the hint, and immediately rose. When his intended defection was perceived, loud remonstrances arose on all sides. Every kind of gibe was thrown out, but in vain. Honest Stephen was predetermined to sleep nowhere save in his own domicile; and would, moreover, be on his way thither betimes. Seeing his resolve, they at length ceased

[137]

to murmur; and Frederick fancied they did so the sooner, that they guessed he would leave at the same time.

Mr. Errington approached, and took a friendly leave of Mr. Haggerstone, and a kind, but somewhat shy one of Frederick. They were accompanied to the door of the great dining-room by their noble host himself, who returned their adieus with his usual urbanity.

From hence they proceeded to the court of female sovereignty, for such may be called the generally elegant and tasteful apartment, in which the umqwhile lords of the creation do voluntary homage: and there entering, found the countess and other ladies seated at ombre. Having paid those compliments the occasion required, Frederick’s regards centred in a distant corner of the room, where Miss Errington was amusing herself with a spinet. On his approach she ceased playing; and, turning towards him with a frank open smile, ironically expressed her surprise that he should be found a recreant from the bottle at that early hour.

“But I suppose,” continued she, “that, after all, it is more owing to good Mr. Haggerstone’s scruples, than your discreet choice.”

[138]

[138]

[?]

How came you so apathetic?"

"Because my soul was absent," he replied.

"Pray, was it far [?]" demanded she, with sportive *naïveté*.

"So far, as to be beyond recal; yet so near as to be detained within the limits of the same mansion."

"Surprising! that is quite a conundrum:" what a pity it should be thrown away upon an unskilled maiden like myself."

"Would that it were a fitting time to explain it," was his inaudible return.

"Truly, Mr. Lilburne," resumed Dulcis, by whom the above was unheard, "you seem to have given your gallantry, also, a furlough, or you would not allow a lady to fix on herself a charge of dullness unopposed."

"Pardon me a thousand times," said he, recovering, "the call for opposition is small indeed where to doubt would be preposterous."

[139]

"A halting apology."

"Granted. I have another. I was thinking how I might realize the pleasing anticipation which, I avow, has mainly attracted me into this part of the country."

"And that is —? Pray proceed."

"That I should enjoy the felicity of meeting Miss Errington, *chez soi*, at Hareslaw. May I still cherish the expectation?"

"You magnify your pleasures greatly, it would appear, Mr. Lilburne," she answered, diffidently. "With regard to home, I am so much domesticated here, as almost to forget that I have any other. But, to speak to the purpose, you are already sensible that papa will be delighted to see you there."

"And may I venture to hope that his charming daughter would participate in that feeling?"

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

The eloquent fervor of his manner, rather than his words, embarrassed Dulcis. She blushed, as she hesitatingly replied, "Certainly—a—Can Mr. Lilburne doubt that any friend of my father will be received with equal pleasure by myself."

"No! I doubt not that," said he, with a half sigh. Then, taking her hand, for the wine he had taken rendered him bold, he murmured, "Oh!

[140]

that I might believe my simple presence could be hailed with gladness by—" he paused for an instant; and, with a look which betrayed his emotion, concluded, emphatically, "by one whose opinion is my fate."

At this unequivocal address, into which he had been hurried thus prematurely by the fever of his mind, and an unbounded wish to snatch the brief time allowed him, the modest girl was thrown into great confusion. The innocent confidence, the buoyant spirit, which oft bore her unconscious of constructive entanglement, forsook her entirely under a direct appeal. And so they did on this occasion. She blushed over both face and neck; and her unconscious hand was left within the trembling grasp of Frederick, until the opening of the door, near which they sat, caused it to be hastily withdrawn.

The parties who entered were Charles Ratcliffe and young Wogan; the former of whom immediately advanced towards them. At this trying juncture Mr. Haggerstone, who had just finished a ceremonious round of parting compliments, summoned his nephew to saddle. A summons which, under circumstances, came not unseasonably; and was, therefore, promptly attended to. Bowing

[141]

profoundly to Dulcis, and slightly to Mr. Ratcliffe, he followed the squire from the room. The whole of this scene passed so rapidly, and under such excitement, that our hero was unable to reflect connectedly upon it. His head felt dizzy with a whirl of confused feeling. They had to tarry some time in the great hall, until the servants could be roused from their festivities to bring out the horses. The reason—that, in this lordly establishment, the inferior household were always permitted to take an humble share in the enjoyments of

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

their generous master. That service, at length, performed, they bid good night to the hospitality of Dilstone, and commenced their return homewards.

[142]

CHAPTER IX.

“—————You tell a pedigree
To make prescription for a kingdom’s worth.”

Henry VI.

FREDERICK arose on the following morning, little refreshed by a night passed in restless tossing» and tormenting dreams. He found that he was enthralled, even more than he had himself imagined, by the unstudied witcheries of the fair Errington. As a proof thereof, he was now distracted by all those doubts and fears which, from time immemorial, have been the inseparable companions of love. The green eyed fiend, assuming the shape of the gay, handsome, youthful, highborn Ratcliffe, rioted in his pain. And, it must be conceded, that, in viewing that youth as a formidable rival, he was not without a reasonable show of cause.

Although by no means vain, Frederick was not

[143]

a Master Innocent Lambskin—one of those unsuspecting simpletons whom some authors have described under the title of artless ingenuous youths: personages who make a point of being most amiably ignorant of their own advantages. No, he was a man of the world, and knew his own value, without, however, exaggerating it.

We are told to entertain ‘lowly notions of ourselves;’ which injunction, explained in a religious sense, is, no doubt, a proper one: but regarding the affairs of life, would be an eternal stumbling block to exertion and success. Genuine humility intellectual matters is exceeding rare; for that unobtrusiveness which arises from conscious incapacity cannot surely obtain the name. Wherever there is talent, that talent will be more or less conspicuous; and the envy of fools will, probably, stigmatize its owner as proud, vain, or

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

conceited: this must be imputed to the impatience with which all men bear the casual superiority of their fallows.

To return to our hero. Conscious as he was of the extent of his own claims, he was equally sensible that those of young Ratcliffe fully balanced them. Nay, taking into consideration the circumstance of ancient intimacy and party connexion,

[144]

overpowered them. Like all lovers in the outset of passion, he now thought only how to secure the lady's favor, mindless of ulterior obstacles; forgetting that his stern and opinionated parent would, too surely, frown on an alliance with the daughter of an impoverished Jacobite.

Descending to the wainscot parlour, he found his kindly host already instated in his easy chair, with a wrapper of green damask rolled around him. He was sedulously engaged in toasting a slice of bread before the fire; and, though the table boasted an ample providence, a bowl of boiled milk stood before him, as his appropriated share of the morning's repast.

"I am glad to see you so promptly astir, and looking so well, after the fatigues of yesterday," said Frederick, returning the old gentleman's 'good morrow.'

"Thank ye, Freddy; though I'm not just so well as I, maybe, look. I trow I ha' to thank myself that I'm not laid up wi' a sick stomach an' a heavy head. I knew better than to mind their jeers, and stay yonder, first to be surfeited wi' wine, and then perished in a damp bed. No, no, lad! that would never ha' done for me."

"Well, my dear Sir! I am delighted to witness

[145]

the good effects of your prudence. Can I relieve you in your present employ?"

"No, hinney, no. Get thy own breakfast, and never mind me; a bowl o' milk an' a bit o' toast serves your uncle at any time. I like to prepare the last myself, for when I don't, it's either kizzoned to a stick, or just burnt o' the outside. See how it should be."

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

So saying, the well meaning, but finical, old man displayed to his young guest the exquisitely browned product of his labor.

“I did not think, Freddy,” said he, after he had discussed his simple beverage, “that ye took so well to the company at the earl’s as you should have done—How came that?”

“Why, truly! my dear uncle, to use your own expression, I don’t think the company took well to me.”

“Pooh! pooh! Didn’t they all know ye were a nevey of Stephen Haggerstone’s?”

“Granted, Sir! but they also knew I was the son of Sir John Lilburne.”

“And what then? urged the muddy brained squire.

“Why, his notorious enmity to the views of a certain party must have made him obnoxious to

[146]

your friends; and that dislike would be partially reflected upon his son.”

“Tut, tut! not without the son draws it on himself,” cried Stephen, getting warm. “I say, if the father’s politics are bad, let the son learn better of better men. A certain party! quo ye, Freddy!—let me tell you, that party reckons on the best blood in both north and south Britain.” Here he paused to recover breath; for, in the heat of the moment, he had expressed himself with a vehemence far from his wont.

Lilburne pondered for a moment, whether to indulge his uncle’s humor, or at once to put a bar to any future inconvenience or compromise, by declaring his matured opinions. He had two inducements to embrace the latter course. The first was, the alarming aspect of the times, of which he had been last night painfully convinced. The second, that honest Stephen showed a latent wish to bring him over to other views, which it would be advisable to check before it led to more awkward results.

“My dear uncle!” he proceeded, “however I may, and do, disapprove of Sir John’s ultra zeal and spirit of party, I must unequivocally declare my own attachment to the government, as at

[147]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

present constituted. It may not be the best we can have, but I am convinced it is immeasurably better than that which your friends would re-establish on its ruins.”

“Then you have no respect for hereditary right?” said Mr. Haggerstone, breaking from a pettish silence. “Do not the laws of both God and man say, that the son shall succeed to the titles of the father?”

“Admitted, my dear Sir I But if the right of the one be contingent, so must that of the other. Thus the crown is held for the benefit of the people: when it can no longer be so held, then the title of the holder ceases. In short, Sir, kings are made for the people—not the people for kings.”

“That’s a sort o’ logic I ha’ not been accustomed to,” replied Stephen, sullenly. “It’s every man’s duty to reverence and obey the rulers that God has given power to, and not to follow his own evil fancies.”

“Assuredly not, Sir. But to meet you in that way,—why disturb the present establishment? It appears to me that your remark will apply as well to it as to any other.”

“Freddy, I’m no hand at argument,” returned the other, giving signs of wishing to drop the

[148]

subject; “but this I know, that honest men have never acknowledged any other king than the head o’ the house o’ Stuart: and if *he* be not now in his palace at London, it’s because he is held away by strong hand.”

Frederick, in answer, was about to explain the manner in which he conceived this dynasty had forfeited their right, or rather trust; but, recollecting the inutility of combating the rooted prejudices of a simple single minded man like Mr. Haggerstone, he refrained. Before, however, quitting the subject entirely, it struck him as desirable to give a cautionary hint to that gentleman on the dangerous position in which he stood.

“I will no longer contend,” said he, “against opinions which I am sure my dear uncle entertains from the sincerest impulses.” Then, speaking more impressively, continued—“But, from motives of personal regard, I would earnestly entreat him not to be led by the influence of intimates, or by feelings of supposed honor, to commit himself in a desperate cause. I speak thus, Sir, because I cannot shut my eyes to what meets them at every turn.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Consider, Sir, a false step may easily be made, and the consequences are too painful to be thought on.”

[149]

“Hout, bairn! What is all this rout for?” cried the squire, peevishly, though with spirits flustered by the mere mention of consequences. “When a youngster I was never thought over venturesome; and I’ll hardly seek the name now. Since things ha’ turned out i’ this way, I fear I did amiss to take you to Dilstone. Though, by the by, there was more said on a certain subject than I wot on beforehand.”

“Oh, Sir! you may rest quite easy on that score; nothing that I witness under the roof of hospitality can ever be remembered by me to the prejudice of my host or his friends.”

“Right, Freddy! right!” returned the squire, recovering his usual self-satisfied mood, and making a supplementary inroad upon other eatables than those already mentioned. “I knew ye were an honorable lad: so we’ll scatter no more words on the matter.”

To this the other willingly acceded. Indeed, he had pressed the affair rather more gravely than he would otherwise have deemed necessary, because he saw his honest relative standing alone, without the advice of friends, in the vicinity of a volcano, and liable to be overwhelmed by an explosion. He now, therefore, heartily joined in a disposition to change the topic.

[150]

“Your friends, the Erringtons,” said he, in a manner affectedly casual, “seem quite at home at Dilstone.”

“Why, yes,” was the answer. “The fact is, that since the death of a mother robbed the young lady of her only near female relation, she has resided much under the earl’s roof; Errington being on the closest terms o’ friendship wi’ the Ratcliffe family. Lady Dern’water is much attached to her.”

“And yet, I believe, the Erringtons are of the English church.”

“What o’ that?” retorted Stephen. “Think ye Lord Dern’water is a man to slight his father’s friend because he doesn’t attend mass?”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“By no means,” answered Frederick. “Only it occurred to me, that a young mind would scarcely be able to resist the contagion of propinquity and example. Besides, zealous as the countess is said to be in matters of faith, due exhortation will not be spared.”

“Ou! ye fear for the bonny Dulcy, I see. Well! there’s a face o’ reason i’ that; for it’s likely young Charles an’ her ‘ill make a match on’t some day or other. Ye would notice they were sweet together.”

It may be readily imagined that the images this

[151]

speech conjured up before the hearer were of the most displeasing character, and too auxiliary to his previous inferences.

“She’s a fine creature,” the other went on, “and I’ll be heartily glad to see her so well bestowed. Dick’s an unsettled stock for such a tender flower to depend upon.—but I see you’ve done breakfast, so I’ll ring for Barbary.”

This he accordingly did; employing himself, during the interim that preceded her coming, in collecting all the fragments into a separate plate, folding up the corners of the cloth, and otherwise facilitating the functions of the attendant.

Taking advantage of a domestic discussion which followed the appearance of the housekeeper, Frederick withdrew to indulge his overcharged mind in a solitary ramble.

[152]

CHAPTER X.

“For shame, leave Henry and call Edward king.”

Henry VI.

“Old age gives good advice when it can no longer give bad example.”—*Rochefoucauld.*

ON the second day that succeeded the visit to Dilstone, as Mr. Haggerstone and his nephew sat together, awaiting the appearance of dinner, the hour for which had arrived, they were discomposed by an occurrence quite unlooked for. The buxom widow who

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

propitiated the household deities of the Lodge entered to announce a stranger at the gate. This information put the squire into a terrible fidget, being but little accustomed to have his privacy disturbed by visitors.

“What kind o’ man is he, Barbary? Did he not gi’ ye his name?” he asked, almost with trepidation.

[153]

“Deed no, Sur! He said it wus nee matter, as he wanted a word wi’ yersel.”

“But what is he like, woman? Is he a gentleman?”

“Wei, Sur! he’s a spelkey bodie, wi’ a reddish feace, and thof a-walking, I think he’s one o’ the better sort.”

“Ho! well! show him in then, since there’s no other way for’t,” said her master. “Freddy, ye needn’t leave the room, lad. What can the man want? it’s little we ha’ to do wi’ droppers in and chance visitors.”

He went on making conjectures, as to who the visitant could be, until the individual in question himself stood in the threshold. A glance served to apprise all parties of previous acquaintanceship: The stranger was Mr. Errington. Carefully closing the door behind him, he advanced, with outstretched hand, towards the squire; and it is but doing the latter justice to say that, as soon as he once recognised the other, all shyness vanished, and gave place to a hearty welcome.

When Mr. Errington first observed Frederick’s presence, it seemed as if a momentary shade of vexation passed over his visage. It was, however, presently dispelled, and he offered his gratulations

[154]

in his usual cheerful and cordial strains. Throwing himself carelessly upon an old fashioned settee, he cast his eyes up to the ceiling, and scanned the walls of the apartment, with the air of a man who would refresh his recollections of an old acquaintance.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Tis a long time since I was last here, squire,” he observed: “nevertheless you see I have not forgotten your feeding time—always had a good nose for those discoveries.”

“Well, Dick! it hasn’t misled you this time,” returned his host; “they are all ready for a lift i’ the kitchen, so, if ye please, I’ll just ring and order them to bring in at once.”

“With all my heart—But stay! a word of caution. None of your household appear to know me, which, as it happens, is fortunate. Address me as Mr.—a—Bradshaw:—I will explain more fully afterwards. Mr. Lilburne, I treat you as a friend.”

Our hero answered by a silent inclination of the head, and Mr. Haggerstone by a perplexed stare. Nothing, however, was said; but a command issued to serve dinner immediately.

The important business of refection then commenced. During its continuance, Mr. Haggerstone, in his somewhat unwonted character of an entertainer,

[155]

kept himself in an unsubiding ferment. He was incessantly detecting the absence of some improving essential of the table, to furnish which he kept the servants in a perpetual trot. Then his attentions to his two guests were unceasing. Loading their plates with viands that he conceived they *ought* to relish, and stinting them in such as they really would have preferred.

Mr. Errington, on his part, made himself perfectly at home; setting an example of ease and good humor, which quickly allayed the half-formed apprehensions of the squire. He laughed and chatted on various topics, with a joyousness that put even the attending handmaidens in a merry mood. With Barbary, indeed, he unbent directly, launching off several sly jokes, which made that discreet matron simper and look askant.

When the cloth was removed, and they were secured from interruption, Mr. Errington opened his ‘fardel.’

“It is high time, Steenie,” he commenced, “that you should know what wind has blown me across your path at this juncture, for it happens to be an ill one. I will make no concealments from Mr. Lilburne, as I consider it safer, at once, to trust to the honor of a gentleman, like himself

[156]

than to affect a mystery which would only raise suspicions, the more dangerous because unrestrained.”

Here Frederick interposed a strenuous disclaimer to any further confidence than comported with the other’s perfect convenience. Mr. Errington having overruled this delicacy, proceeded.

“I will not,” he said, “enter into unnecessary detail. The why and wherefore of the predicament in which I now stand is foreign to the present purpose. You, Steenie, will understand me, when I tell you that I have fallen under the displeasure of the ruling power. Officers are at this moment in search of me, and a few days’ concealment has become absolutely necessary. Such being the case, where could I look for it more confidently than in the house of my old friend Haggerstone?”

As he concluded, he extended his palm to that individual, who enclosed it immediately, though with tremulous fingers. A timid spirit and tranquil propensities might lead the latter to fear danger and shun trouble, but his heart did not the less dictate to him the duties of friendship and hospitality.

“You may command me and my poor house,

[157]

Dick, as long as you please,” he cried, in agitated accents; “and I’m right glad, that in coming hither this day, you ha’ shown that you knew it beforehand.”

“I did, Steenie—I did, full surely,” returned the other, a little touched, in spite of his assumed levity; “but come, my old friend! you say I may command, for once I take you at your word. Send away this cold shilpry claret, and let us have a bowl of honest English punch to thaw the ice from our hearts; let us quaff to the restoration of better times in smoking nectar. Eh! what say you, Mr. Lilburne?”

Frederick lent the expected co-operation; and, accordingly, materials for the concoction of this delectable compound were ordered and brought to hand. Whilst the faculties of Mr. Haggerstone were absorbed by the task of blending the sweets, the acid, and the alcohol, in triune harmony, those of the other two were employed in amicable debate.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“It somewhat puzzles me to comprehend,” Frederick observed, “upon, what solid understanding it is that you and my good uncle here, both members of the reformed church, can, consistently, adhere to a cause, the triumph of which would seem to involve the ascendancy of popery.”

[158]

“We do so, dear Sir,” replied Errington, “because we consider our church in more real danger from the inroads of canting, whining sectarians, than from the avowed and tangible enmity of the other. I think peril from the latter source a bugbear. The times are gone by when the crosier or mass book could influence the fate of Englishmen.”

“But does not the intolerant principle of the Romish faith render its predominance more to be feared than that of any other?”

“Its *predominance* possibly might be an evil, but I do not imagine that it can ever obtain more than bare toleration, as a doctrine, and equality of civil rights for its members. To suppose the contrary is to insult our own firmly rooted church, by inferring that she is unable to withstand her rival, unless that rival be bound and fettered« Nay, this to be true would show something so winning and so convincing about the scouted creed, that I should fancy the sooner we all adopted it the better.”

“Yet to quit broad grounds,” urged Frederick,, “might not a zealous churchman find some cause for uneasiness, in the risk of the ecclesiastic revenues and immunities?”

[159]

“A selfish and, I believe, groundless fear may assail such men; but you, who will ground your argument on the good of the aggregate people, can have no share in it. Show me wherein the national welfare can suffer, from what, I persist, will be simply the *enfranchisement* of a declining body, and I will listen to it.”

“Have you not lost sight of the influence of your catholic king? nay, the powerful means he might employ to *force* the ascendancy of this creed.”

“No,” replied his friendly opponent, “I have not. I can recollect, though you cannot, the fate of one catholic monarch who made the attempt—and that too under every advantage.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

It was so signal that his *son* must be worse than mad if, with such an example before him, he ever dreamed of repeating the experiment, in times infinitely less practicable. No, no, my dear boy! if this be your only ground of opposition to the Stuart claims, you will find it untenable.”

“Pardon me, my good Sir,” returned our hero; “so far from its being my *only* ground, it is, in point of fact, ground of which I never took much account; and, in occupying it at this moment, I have sought rather to elicit than to combat your arguments.”

[160]

“Then, perhaps, you are not seriously opposed to *the cause*?” replied Errington, with interest.

“To *you* I regret to say I am,” answered Frederick, apologetically. “My objections to the restoration of the excluded dynasty arise on a more substantial basis. I dread their incorrigible propensity to arbitrary power;—I condemn the slavish and irrational civil doctrines, held by their adherents;—I—”

“Spare us—spare us for the present, Mr. Lilburne,” interrupted Errington, good-humoredly, “for see, your good uncle has completed his labors, and now waits our approbation. Why, squire!” he exclaimed, after sipping from the experimental goblet, handed to him by that worthy, “this is lemonade! You have forgot the essential element—the elixir of life, my old friend.”

“What, is it not strong enough, Richie?” inquired the squire, with an elongated visage; arising, not from a parsimonious regard for his liquor, but from his ‘milk-sop’ habits.

“Not by a full flask,” was the answer. “Allow me to rectify. You have quite lost the trick of it. Mr. Lilburne, you are not partial to too much of ‘allaying Tiber,’ I take for granted.” With these words he proceeded, with perfect *nonchalance*, to add a considerable portion of both

[161]

Nantz and Jamaica, to the attenuated potation which his friend had so unskilfully manufactured.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Ah, this will do!” he exclaimed, smacking his lips with *gusto*, as he tasted the improved beverage. “Come, gentlemen, do me justice. A toast, squire!” so saying, he filled both their glasses.

“The king!” said his host; passing his goblet over a jug of water which stood near him, and nodding significantly to Errington.

“The king!” iterated Frederick, giving the toast his own construction.

“King James!” ejaculated Mr. Errington, emphatically, now scorning equivocation as useless.

All drained their goblets in silence.

“ I wonder,” began the last named gentleman, after a moment’s pause, “ that any true hearted English gentleman can drink the health of a heavy headed, surly, German elector—one who cannot even speak our language, though he has expected the crown for fifteen years, instead of his native prince and lawful monarch. To me it is inexplicable—But, ho! I’m getting back to politics, and that is a fault. Hang such topics, I say, amongst good fellows.”

On concluding this speech he replenished the glasses; a task which he from henceforth took

[162]

upon himself; and, it must be allowed, fulfilled it in a manner quite exemplary.

“When I was a younger man, Steenie,” he afterwards resumed, “I used to banter you on being a bachelor: but, egad! I don’t know that you have not done wisely to continue so. You are free from ties—free from opposition. In your own precincts you are Alpha and Omega.”

“That may all be, Richie,” returned the squire; “but whiles I feel myself lonely i’ the world.”

“Why, to be sure, squire, you are such a house mouse, that wedlock might suit you passing well. It involves too many claims, too many duties, to jump with a free humor, *experto crede*, and gentlemen.”

“Does not the pride of possessing so amiable, so admirable a daughter, bear down the memory of such petty troubles?” said Frederick.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Assuredly,” returned the father. “Dulcis is a dear girl, and I am not worthy of her. Neither, for I would have you understand me, can I complain of my own individual draught in the lottery of matrimony: my objections are such as must be common to all men who, like myself, wish to enjoy, in their own proper persons, a fair share in the stock and trade of life.”

“How so, my dear Sir?” pressed our hero.

[163]

“Why thus; when once a man ‘takes unto himself a wife’ it is expected that he will forthwith become ‘settled’ in life. If he be *blessed* with a family, he must be always correct and sedate, as an example to them; he must economize his purse, and contract his enjoyments, for their future advantage; and, when they reach maturity, he must virtually lay himself on the shelf, though still in the prime of manhood, and henceforward live only in their persons. Now all this is opposed to my taste. Whilst I am *in* the world I will be *of* the world. I see no reason why a man, when he arrives at a certain age, should be compelled to declare his own superannuation, out of respect to the taste, the folly, or the physical debility of his contemporaries.”

“But, Sir,” followed Frederick, “you paint as painful and severe imposts things which most men appear to see as pleasing and obvious duties. If a man’s pleasures abroad be restrained, it is usually at an age when he has lost the relish for them, and experiences much greater m domestic enjoyment.”

“Well! *de gustibus*—you know the rest. To me there is nothing either so pleasing, or so obvious, in being thrust into ‘the lean and slippered

[164]

pantaloons’ before one’s time; or, on objecting, to be branded in society as a dissolute regardless fellow.”

Frederick did not push the subject any further. He saw that Mr. Errington was a *bon vivant* who found himself getting old, without losing his youthful propensities; and was angry that the world would not allow them the same indulgence as formerly.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“No, no,” resumed that gentleman, in conclusion, “no such dawdling doings for me; let every man live his own time, and leave those who follow to do the like. Why should one generation be cramped and swaddled to serve the purposes of the next? tell me that. But, ho! come, the bowl cools. Steenie, you don’t drink, man;—set us an example.”

“Ugh! ugh!” coughed the old gentleman, complying with the suggestion. “Strong punch that, Richie; it smiles i’ one’s face an’ cuts one’s throat at the same time.”

Half an hour of desultory conviviality followed, during which the squire got drowsy and Errington inebriated.

“I like you, Lilburne,” cried the latter, in the course of a broken sort of communing, “you’re a

[165]

promising young fellow by ——. Sorry you are a whig, though—I am, by Jove.”

“Nay, my good Sir,” returned the other, “that need be no source of difference. Your convictions lead you one way, mine another; saving those, I feel as much respect and sympathy for the ill fated house of Stuart as you can yourself.”

“You do, do you?” exclaimed Errington, whose voice began to get rather thick. “Give me your hand—you are a liberal honest fellow; and it shall not be my fault if we are not better acquainted. There’ll be a change in the times ere long, or my old grandam’s last letter deceives me: then, my boy, you shall see what merry doings we can have at Hareslaw. Yes! you and old Stivy here—hollo! what, asleep? Well! well! let the good soul doze away; he never could stand his *quantum*, and get drunk like a gentleman, even in his best days.”

As may be gathered from the above, the squire, having his sense of good fellowship overpowered by the fumes of the potent mixture he had imbibed, now slumbered in his chair; indeed it was his ^c custom always in the afternoon’ so to do. On Mr. Errington’s discovering the fact, he passed it over with the observation we have recorded;

[166]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

and challenged Frederick to assist him in exhausting the far ebbed lake of punch; in which a shoal of sliced lemon began now to show itself.

“Drink, Lilburne; drink, boy,” he cried, filling the glasses with an unsteady hand; “I give you ‘James of Derwentwater;’ than whom there’s not a choicer sprig of peerage in all Christendom.”

“With great pleasure,” returned the challenged, complying with the toast. “Truly, I think, if it be credible that they are accursed of whom *all* men speak well,’ the young nobleman has a very fair chance of damnation.”

“Ha! Ha! so he has, i’ faith. Well! he’ll get his deserts by and by; and so, maybe, will others that I could name. What signifies a few days’ hiding? the game will soon be up; then we’ll see who rides and who walks: damn all whigs! beg your pardon, though, Lil—Lilburne; meant nothing personal, didn’t, upon my life.” — From hence Mr. Errington’s observations became so loose and unconnected as to render it inexpedient to follow him farther.

Fortunately for our hero’s self-possession, his careless compotator had not watched very narrowly into the orthodoxy of his sacrifices to the rosy god, being too much occupied with his own

[167]

‘table talk.’ Nevertheless, the young man was not sorry when the entrance of the housekeeper, with the tea tray, promised him at once a cessation of warfare, and a sedative for its lingering effects.

[168]

CHAPTER XI.

I myself, sometimes leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am forced to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

THE next morning found our hero possessed of a resolution to quit Bywell for the present. The posture in which he had discovered affairs to stand made his stay in this

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

quarter no longer available in the way he had contemplated. The fascinating creature that tyrannised so unconsciously over his imagination, he could not now have access to, under existing circumstances. Could he even have indulged a fond hope, his anticipations would have been poisoned by the idea of a dangerous, perhaps already favored, rival. No, thought he, there is nothing left for me but to return forthwith to Cramlingdon, and there banish from my mind visions which a perverse destiny opposes. Besides,

[169]

does not my presence impose a restraint upon both my uncle and his guest? It is obvious that an understanding exists betwixt them, to which I cannot, wish not, to be privy. To be admitted to confidence, in matters which may compromise either my honor as a gentleman, or my duties as a subject, is not desirable; and yet, if I remain here, such must be the inevitable result.

On these considerations it was that he matured the determination alluded to; and resolved to act upon it immediately; alleging to Mr. Haggerstone, as a sufficient excuse, that the period he had assigned for his visit was now exhausted.

Leaving his chamber, he sought the old gentleman, for the purpose of making known his intention to him, before Errington should join them. He found him walking, or rather waddling—for, without meaning to be disrespectful to the worthy man, such is the term most applicable to his mode of progression, along the flagged *trottoir* in front of the lodge. Here he paced to and fro, with his hands joined behind his back; and, what was unusual with him, showed a thoughtful and contracted countenance.

As soon as Frederick joined him he briefly communicated his designs. When he had finished,

[170]

Mr. Haggerstone fidgeted and hesitated for some moments ere he spoke, after the manner of a man who had something to say of which he is rather ashamed.

“Freddy lad!” he at length broke forth, “ye ha’ not been so long here, that ye should ha’ tired already.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Our hero parried this by the most plausible apology that came to hand.

“I tell you what,” resumed the other, “I really wish you would not go just at this moment. P the way things are shaping, Pm not over easy i’ my mind.—Richie Errington is my old friend, and one that I both should and will serve to the utmost o’ my power; but this affair o’ his is a thing Pm not at home in, an’ there’s no knowing what may happen.—Any how, blood is thicker than water, so I would like to ha’ you wi’ me.”

This speech placed the matter in a new light before Frederick. He now saw that so far from his presence being considered an inconvenience, it was, in fact, coveted by the weak old man; who, in his timorous perplexity, clung to him as to a sure friend. Under these circumstances, he felt that it would be unkind, not to say ungrateful, to disappoint his wishes.

[171]

“Certainly, my dear uncle,” he replied; “if you consider my remaining here as likely to be any relief to you, I will surrender my own convenience; your constant goodness demands every return it is in my power to make.”

“Thank ye, Freddy!—Now I’ll feel at ease again; not however, lad, that I have any mistrust. Richie, he’s an honest fellow; but then he’s a scatterbrained kind o’ creature, an’ might lead a quiet man plump over head, where he only meant to go ankle-deep.”

“I think I understand you, Sir; and shall gladly assist to repress any creeping evil in its outset. Indeed, an idea has suddenly suggested itself to me, of a means by which I may at once relieve you from compromise, and Mr. Errington from peril.”

“Say you so?—Well, that’s all the better; we can speak on’t by and by, for it’s now breakfast time; though God knows whether it is wi’ this anxiety, or whether it is owing to yon knock-me-down punch, I ha’ but little appetite this morning.”

They then adjourned to the wainscot-parlour, where they were presently joined by Errington; whose ‘pleased alacrity and cheer of mind,’

[172]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

considering his threatened circumstances, was surprising. In the course of the morning, Frederick took occasion to make Mr. Errington a tender of assistance in any way which would not involve a positive treason against the existing government.

"I think, my dear Sir," said he, "that by a little arrangement I could make, you might be smuggled into Newcastle, and from thence on board some outward-bound vessel. If you think well of it, I will set about the scheme instantly."

Though the spirit in which this proposal was made, seemed fully appreciated by Errington, the project itself did not appear to be so palatable as might have been supposed.

"You must be sensible," urged Frederick, with friendly zeal, "how much more desirable it is to be at once clear of mischance, than to be cooped up under incessant alarms and all-enduring suspense: besides, it would certainly be more grateful to your friends, to your amiable daughter, to know that you were fairly free from danger."

"You speak like a sage, my young friend," rejoined Errington; "but there are causes which make it inexpedient that I should quit the country just now; you will say, that moth-like, I hover round the flame which threatens me;

[173]

nevertheless I have my reasons, one I will give you, in my anxiety to hear from home ere I take any such decided step."

"Home! then perhaps Miss Errington has left Dilstone?"

"She has, for a few days. The presence of one or other of us was called for at Hareslaw; and, as I could not go thither with safety, the necessity fell on her."

"She would not go alone?" put in our hero, unguardedly indulging his thoughts. "Of course not; my old trusty Siddall, whom you know, was her escort; young Ratcliffe too was kind enough to volunteer his attendance.— But a thought crosses me; Lilburne, there is a trifling thing in which you can comfort me."

"Name it, Sir, and rely on my compliance."

"You have a servant here; the man has not yet seen me, and I could wish he should not; can you dispense with his services, and dispatch him home on some plausible pretext?"

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Ay, ay,” joined in Mr. Haggerstone,” send away the forwardsome tyke; he’s one too many here.”

“I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you in something worthy of the name,” returned Frederick

[174]

rising. “This *bagatelle* shall be settled in an instant; so that with me, as with eastern viziers and their sultans, you may see that, ‘to hear is to obey.’”

Leaving his uncle and Mr. Errington together, he hastened to his own apartment; and, having summoned Matthew thither, to the great chagrin of that trusty servitor, ordered him to return to Cramlingdon; charging him, as a blind, with an unimportant message.

“Then aw spouse, Maister Frederick,” said Spour, lingering in the room, and rubbing his hand behind his ear, “aw mun myek as much hyaste back as aw can, as ye’ll not can spare me aw misdoot very lang, Sur.

“Why, what is there to call for you so strongly, my good Matthew?”

“Wei look, Sur! ye ken the bay meare’s iv a kittle way just noo, and it wouldn’t dee to leave her tiv aud George; he’s sec a numb hand at a horse as aw niver seed.”

“Well, but, my good fellow! as you are no doubt weary of being confined to so dull a house as this, I shall not trouble you to return. Indeed, I shall myself be at home in so short a time, that it would not be necessary. So you may start at once, for good and all.”

[175]

“But the meare, Sur.”

“Oh! take you the mare and leave me the gelding; old George can surely manage him.”

Matthew withdrew, quite disconsolate at the thoughts of quitting the allurements of a certain commemorated little parlor, to him a Paphian bower. The charms, or the good cheer, or both, of which it was redolent, if not of ‘roses and sweet jessamine’ had taken captive his whole mind; yes, it was reserved for the liquorish Mrs. Roddam to fix and enchain that heart, which had whilome been so inconstant.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

When he had equipped himself for his journey —his ‘banishment;’ like his prototype of Verona, he must take farewell of his mature Juliet. He sought her in the cosey crypt we spoke of, where erst he felt the symptoms of his present malady. Here he found her immersed in the bustle of a morning’s avocations. With what tender condolences she received his tale; with what sympathy she reciprocated his dolor; with what warmth she returned his parting embrace, it is not meet to say: suffice it, that the style was worthy of lovers *d’un certain age*.

As the day passed over at the Lodge in monotonous tranquillity, we will quit that place, and

[176]

follow the under-butler in his homeward journey. It is but doing justice to him to say, that he progressed to Cramlingdon without further stoppage than that of an hour spent in the ‘Grey Bull,’ at Whatton; which, considering that the ale was good, and the landlord an old fellow-servant, must be viewed with leniency.

It was afternoon when he arrived at the Hall, and he had not been there many minutes, before he was summoned to attend Sir John in his study. On presenting himself he delivered our hero’s message (an apology for a protracted visit) to the saturnine baronet; who listened in seeming expectancy until its conclusion.

“You are not charged then, with any further communication?” he inquired with an air of disappointment.

“Nee, Sur, aw ammont.”

“Humph! (a pause.) Pray what amusement has your young master down there? Much company astir?”

“Nee, Sur, not much; ‘septing the day we went to Dilstone.”

“Dilstone! What, Lord Derwentwater’s?”

“Yees, Sur; Maister Frederick and Squire Haggerstone were over there dining one day, wi’ a lairge comp’ny.”

[177]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Strange that my son should not have written on this,” murmured Sir John, speaking unconsciously: then addressing Matthew, inquired “if he had accompanied his young master on the occasion?”

The answer of course was an affirmative, and led the way to further questions. Matthew, fond of showing his discernment, entered into an ample detail of all that had passed under his eye on that occasion. Not a drunken bravado, or loose insinuation, that had fallen out amongst the cloak bag bearers, in my lord’s servants’ hall, but was now remembered and repeated with exaggeration.

“And were these all the guests you heard named?” asked the baronet, when the other finished an enumeration.

“All that aw heard by neam, your worship; but there was yen other aw saw, that aw could swear was christened John Featherstone.”

“Yet you seem to make a doubt of it, man.”

“An’ wi’ reason, Sur, for when aw last kenned him it wus amang the hills, in otherwus cumpany. He wus bred—”

“Soft: that will do,” interrupted Sir John impatiently: “Some nameless person. Who is this

[178]

chance visitor—this Brashaw? that my son’s message allude to? What sort of man is he?”

“An please ye, Sur, aw never seed him, but aw heard he wus an ould friend o’ Maister Haggerstone’s. They told me a betterly kind o’ man, atween fifty an’ sixty, but leish and canty iv his age.”

“Had he a servant?”

“Nee, your worship, nor horse neither.”

“Indeed! and he came—when?”

“Yesserday, i’ the forend o’ the efterneun.”

“Well, Sir!” said Sir John, after pondering some time with his head upon his hand, “go you now below; get refreshment, and be in readiness to attend my orders; you will probably have to return to Bywell immediately. Inquire for Mr. Robison, and desire him to come to me instantly.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Matthew retired, bowing obsequiously; and having found Mr. Robison, dispatched him to his master.

This Robison was Sir John's public justice clerk, and private factor; and, in all out of door matters, his veritable 'ancient.' He was a dark complexioned, middle aged personage, and rather inclined to corpulence—not to that bluff Falstaff sort of rotundity which bespeaks and begets good humor;

[179]

but to a flabby and unwholesome description of obesity. Two glazed sleepy eyes peered from long narrow slips, indicating abundance of what plain men call cunning, and scholars, astuteness. His wig was black, ill dressed, and oily, of which latter quality his face itself partook pre-eminently. On his entrance the baronet motioned him to a seat, towards which he stole in the manner of a man who fears to offend, even by retaining his ordinary carriage.

"Robison," said Sir John, with an important look, "I believe I can tell you news—but first, let me hear the report made by the officers more in detail."

"It is but a short one, your worship! they visited both Hareslaw and Dilstone, and searched in Hexham town, but, as you already know, without success. They, however, left two of their number at the former place; for *his* daughter came to the house while they were on the spot; so they thought something might be stirring."

"Prudent enough. They found no papers?"

"No, your worship."

"That is to be regretted. What was the latest clue they could gain towards the steps of the offender?"

[180]

"That he had been at Dilstone, which he had quitted but a few hours before their arrival; that is to say, about noon yesterday."

"Well, Robison! I fancy I can trace his movements though the officers could not," exclaimed Sir John, giving his satellite a look of triumph.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

"Your worship doesn't say so!" cried the other, opening his Chinese orbits to their maximum.

"I do; a person answering the description of the fugitive is now sojourning at my brother Haggerstone's house at Bywell; and the time of his arrival there corresponds with that of the other's departure from Dilstone. In short, I am convinced from sundry circumstances, that this man,—Bradshaw they *call* him, is Errington himself."

"Well, really, your worship is wondrously acute!" observed Robison; who, like Macklin's Macsycophant, loved to make a superior "pleased with his ainsel."—A policy in which he found good account, In this instance, the customary sourness of Sir John's aspect yielded for a moment to a look of self satisfaction; being the only notice he took of his clerk's point blank compliment.

[181]

"What shall be done in this matter, Sir?" resumed the latter; "his being at your worship's brother's—"

"Makes no difference whatever: I shall not be sorry to give the old fool at Bywell a fright; it may do him good. You know, Robison, he has a handsome property, which ought to come into my family, and these doings put it in jeopardy."

"Certainly, your worship; we know that treason, or misprision thereof, touches both life and possessions."

"Besides, to take the traitor in such hiding bespeaks that firmness and inflexibility with which, as a magistrate, I flatter myself I have ever discharged my duty."

"Indubitably, Sir, you have always been an example to the bench," returned the tool; "and so marked an exhibition of loyalty cannot be overlooked by the higher powers."

"True, Robison.—Yes! he must be seized forthwith; and I only lament that the instruments are not here, which would enable us, at the same time, to lay fast the remainder of the pestilential malcontents who act with him."

"Then, Sir, I suppose I may direct the officers to Bywell immediately?"

[182]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“You may; and proceed yourself to Newcastle, to learn whether the other warrants have yet come down: if they have, one errand may serve two purposes. Errington, you know, is not the only suspected traitor that may be found in that neighbourhood.”

“Your worship thinks of every thing. I shall set about the business without a moment’s delay.”

“Do so, my good Robison, and be stirring. Remember that it may be in our power to crush a limb of the threatened popish rebellion, and preserve the peace, at least of our own county.”

“Oh! never fear me, your worship,” returned the other, making for the door. “A good day, Sir,” he added; and, making a profound reverence, quitted the apartment.

“Good day;—and may you speed in your errand,” was the answer.

No sooner was the baronet left alone than he proceeded to indite the following letter to his son:

“DEAR FREDERICK,

“It was fortunate, in more senses than one, that you sent Matthew over here today. I lose no time in returning him to you, with information

[183]

you seem to need for guidance in the delicate position you are placed in. It is now alarmingly notorious, that a rising in favor of the pretender has taken place in Scotland; and that correspondent efforts are to be feared in different parts of England. The neighborhood you are in is the very focus of conspiracy. Of this I warned you beforehand; and *your recent visit to Dilstone* (on which I reserve my opinion) must have convinced you. Emissaries from Mar and Ormond are known to be amongst the Jacobites of this country, and it is much to be feared that some treasonable movement is contemplated. This intention will, however, speedily receive a damp; for I am officially informed that warrants are on the road down to arrest Lord Derwentwater, Mr. Thomas Forster, and others, the leading malcontents. Your stay at Bywell has been useful, and may be more so; otherwise I should not allow you to remain in so pestiferous an atmosphere. The tinge of your uncle’s prejudices, which, at an ordinary time, would have

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

induced me to counsel you from his presence, has now a contrary effect; for I consider you in the light of a guardian, to prevent that weak person from committing himself in any overt act, which might, ultimately, be injurious to

[184]

yourself. Fail not to remember your duty to your sovereign; and send me instant information by Spour of any thing that transpires; — for which purpose retain his services

Your loving and trusting Father,

“JOHN LILBURNE”

In this letter no allusion was made to the purposed arrest of Errington. The writer foresaw that it would reach its destination previous to that event; and knew enough of his son's disposition to suspect that he might be led by what Sir John would have called an overwrought feeling of generosity, to apprise the victim, nay, facilitate his escape. In truth, he was far from placing that reliance on Frederick, as a thick and thin coadjutor, which he could have wished; though, at the same time, he felt firmly convinced that, to a certain extent, he might rest upon him assuredly. Summoning Matthew, he delivered to him the above epistle, with a strict charge to make no delay in retracing his way to Bywell, and to deliver the same into his young master's hands, and no other.

[185]

Sir John also, for in such matters he could sometimes stoop from his usual hauteur, gave Spour a few hints, which were intended not to sharpen that worthy's observation, but to give it a proper direction. This done, he dismissed him.

[186]

CHAPTER XII.

Soon by the chimmey's merry blaze
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see where, in dark nook aloof,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

The rafters of the sooty roof

Bore wealth of winter cheer.

Scott's Marmion.

THE trusty under butler, now considerably raised in his own estimation by the fancied importance of his charge, as well as overjoyed at having to return to a spot he had so reluctantly left, saddled his nag, and quickly took the road. The way was shortened by cheering anticipations of the surprise and satisfaction with which Mrs. Barbara would witness his reappearance. Already he fancied himself seated in the little crypt of felicitous memory; already he experienced a foretaste of the exhilaration promised by its good things; insomuch, that the miles flew unheeded by, until the

[187]

solitary 'hostel' at Whatton gleamed through the distance. At this time (it was becoming dusk), in passing a wild angle of the unfrequented cross road, he perceived two or three fires blazing on the ground; the light from which was reflected by a few rude cars ranged around. Some ragged figures, apparently of women, could be dimly distinguished; whilst here and there a few miserable donkeys picked a scanty meal from the herbage. Under these details Matthew was at no loss to recognise the *bivouac* of a party of faws. No sooner did he ascertain the fact than he began instinctively to increase his speed; well aware that their disposition towards solitary wayfarers was none of the most benignant. Neither, he recollected, was it probable that, in wearing the livery of Sir John Lilburne, he bore any recommendation to Samaritan treatment. Conscious of this, he was not a little pleased when he got fairly past, without any other token of regard than a few rude jeers from a hoarse female voice. He then trotted on until the house of entertainment, before alluded to, presented itself by the roadside. There the 'Grey Bull,' swinging from rusty hinges, creaked an invitation to bibulous travellers. Whether Matthew was of this genus, or whether the round figure

[188]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

of the landlady (he had no objection even to ‘dumpy women’), standing in the doorway, relieved betwixt himself and the full blaze of a large kitchen fire, was a temptation not to be resisted, it matters not —our shoulder-knotted knight drew his rein.

“Hegh, Maister Spour,” exclaimed the aforesaid dame, hailing him as he dismounted, “ is this yersel agen tha day? troth, it seems it’s owther to be a hungger or a brust. We had na seen ye sin last backend, and noo we ha’ ye twice i’ yen day. But the off’ner the welcomer; se fasten thy naig to that heuk, an’ how-way* in by.”

“A! ma jewel!” cried Matthew, following her into the house; if it hadn’t been for thy doncy sel’, standing i’ the jamb, aw’d niver hae slacked bridle: but where’s ta good man, hinney? “

“Ou! he’ll be here iv a jiffy: there, sit thy ways doon, an’ aw’ll send him ti’ ye.”

“Deed, but aw’ll not pairt wi’ ye se seun;” retorted the other, catching her by the hand, and then eying her from top to toe, with an air of exaggerated admiration: “Eh, wunturs! whe wad say, it wus fifteen year sin Gabby and ye war wed; why, ye’re sartly grown youngger, woman.”

*Come along.

[189]

“Hout, fye, Maister Spour,” returned the dame, simpering; “It’s weel kenned aw’m nowght like the bowery* lass aw wus, then.”

“A! aw mind ye war a sonsy quean; not ‘at ye’r a bit warsened. Ods heft! if aw hadn’t been a feul, aw’d ha’ had tha mysel’.”

Here the flow of Matthew’s gallantry was diverted by the voice of the landlord himself, which, in loud tones, heralded his appearance from an interior apartment.

“Ho! Mat Spour!” he cried “this gyet agyen lad! What, at thy au’d gam, gillabering wi’ ma canny wife, aw see. Gi’ thy ways, hinney, (good-humoredly pushing her aside), thou munna mind his paffling.”

“Hout, gowdman! at-wetf† aw ken Master Spour’s way, iv au’d‡,” was her answer; at the same time, however, taking the hint, and withdrawing to another part of the house.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Come, Mat! what is ta for, lad?” queried mine host; putting before his customer and friend, who sat by the fireside, a round flat stand, which did duty as a table, though it looked more like a gigantic stool, “will ta hev a blast o’ worm med’cin, or a mug o’ ma double strike yell?”

* Buxom.

† Surely.

‡ Of old.

[190]

“Your yell’s well enough iv its way, Gabby,” retorted the other: “but aw’m gaun back tiv au’d skew-the-dew’s*, where there’s routh o’ better. So, let’s hev a measure o’ brandy, ma man.”

“Ay, ay,” muttered the landlord, rising to execute the order, “it may suit the like o’ au’d Haggars’on to brew twel bushels to the hoggit, but it wad be a hungry leuk oot for huz roadside folk.”

We take the opportunity of Gabriel’s temporary absence to give a few notices of the place in which Matthew now sat. It was a low browed, but large flagged room, constituting the kitchen or common drinking chamber of the house; for which purpose it was provided with sundry coarse deal tables. Round one of these a group of rude looking men assembled, who appeared too much engaged in listening to a low crooning ditty, sung by one of their number, to pay much attention to the new comer. Hitherto that individual, if not unconscious, was at least indifferent to their presence; but the closer review which he now took of them, considerably modified that disposition. Their sunburnt skins, hard features, reckless air, and motley habiliments, even without taking account of more than one formidable bludgeon, that decorated the

*A name for a waddling, awkward walker.

[191]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

rough board round which they huddled, made their character sufficiently intelligible. They were faws. Upon comparing circumstances, Matthew easily divined that they were the male part of the horde whose encampment he had so recently passed, and to whose absence it was owing, he suspected, that he had passed unmolested.

The proximity of this lawless gang would have gone far to damp the present joyousness of his spirit, had he not perceived that they took little or no notice of him: and, at the same time, recollected that, as their night ground lay behind, his good steed would soon bear him to a secure distance. Unpleasant speculations were soon forgotten when the return of his host was followed by a ‘gusty sucker’ of the potent distillation he had ordered.

The usual vein of gossiping loquacity, which distinguished the under butler, gradually opened itself, and flowed in copious streams as the Nantz circulated. Amongst the topics with which he entertained his companion, the particulars of his present ride even were included. He gave vent to his sapient suspicions of an ‘outbreak’ being at hand; boasted the promptitude and sagacity of his master, Sir John, and hinted the importance

[192]

of the letter he then carried. Changing his ground, the notabilia of Dilstone Hall came under discussion.

“They’re a rare set, yon brisket-beating folk,” said he, alluding to the catholic household of that mansion, “an’ a gran’ time they mun hev on’t; beeath wet and dry agaun, frae morning till neet.”

“Ay,” chimed in Burn, “it’s a noted hoose for that; nivver a poor man turns his heel ont withoot a light heart an’ a weel raxed kyte*. Pity but there war mair sike.”

“Then,” resumed Matthew, “the little piper— ods heft! he’s nowgh’ but a queer un; what wi’ pipin’ an’ jokin’, he kept us a’ iv a kink† the heeal‡ neet lang.”

“Aw believe ye, lad! Little Tristy’s weel kenned for bein’ the best o’ cump’ny; he’s neean o’ yer thaufless soak pottles that swill a’, and gi ye nowght for’t but a glower or grumph. Ne, ne! good drink’s weel wared on the like o’ him. But I’s war’nt, Matt, ye’d meet wi’ mair canty hands i’ the great ha’ than yen.”

“Deed did aw—aw mun alloo that.”

* Paunch.

† Laugh.

‡ Whole.

[193]

“Alloo’d! what for should ye not?”

“Wei, Gabb! ye ken they get an ill word doon there.”

“Aw ken ne sic thing, man; if they get an ill word it mun be frer an ill tongue, for it’s what they dinna deserve.”

“Ye mint* to be varra strange upon the road ye ken, friend,” reparted Matthew, with a leer; “mebbie ye nivver heard that the heeal tote o’ them, maister an’ men, lord an’ lackey, are a’ rampaunging rebbels an’ papishers, that wad think ne mair o’ cutting a’ wor throats, than aw de t’ sirpling ower this brandy.”

“Hoot toot, Matty,” interposed Gabriel, who either from the tone of his own feelings, or from some prudential cause, did not seem to participate in Matthew’s fears, “it’s hard to tell whe wad be ca’d rebbels, if every yen had their awn; an’ as to their bein’ papishers, se war their fethers afore them; ne man can be faulted for his up bringing.”

After the delivery of this objurgation, and as its author was rewarding himself with the last dregs of his cup, he was unexpectedly applauded by a deep gruff voice, issuing from the midst of the neighboring group.

*Pretend.

[194]

“Weel spoke, Gabby Burn,” were the words, “thou’s said yen true say, if thou ne’er says anuther. Here, man, fill the jack agyen, an aw’ll wus ye a health for yence i’ my life.—What’s the fowt gauping* at? does he not hear we want some mair of his rot gut swipes, and be d—d tiv him.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

At the commencement of this address the eyes of both Matthew and the landlord were directed towards the speaker; whom the one already knew, and the other immediately recognised to be the notorious and redoubtable Will Heddon. The impatient taunt with which he concluded roused Burn to his legs, and, after a word of constrained civility, he hastened to comply with the other's wishes by replenishing the ale jack.

The contiguity of this man revived all Matthew's previous half-formed fears. He was well aware of the implacable hatred he bore to his master; he knew that he had been but a few days liberated from a durance into which that master had cast him; and last, not least, he remembered that he himself had once assisted in retaking the other after an escape from custody, a circumstance not at all likely either to be forgotten or forgiven.

Scarcely had Burn quitted the room, and left s friend alone with those rude neighbors, when

* Fool staring.

[195]

Heddon started up, and, kicking over the cross bench on which he had hitherto sat, with his back to our two unsuspecting compotators, strode towards the hearth. Here, taking a position with his legs astride and arms a-kimbo, he completely blocked Matthew from any enjoyment of the cheering element behind him. From the rude and ostentatious way in which this was done, it was obvious that a special insult was intended. If any doubt had been possible at first, the rolling leer which the fellow threw now on our friend, and now on his compeers, as if to invite their mischievous expectations, was decisive. Spour, though a man not deficient in ordinary courage, or rather nerve, and, moreover, a bony thickset fellow, saw at once that there was an intention to fasten a quarrel upon him; and also saw that it was no time for him to take it up.

He smothered his indignation, therefore, and, assuming an air of indifference, affected not to perceive the affront. Indeed, the colossal figure of Heddon towering above him, his ferocious character, and the causes of excitement which existed, were incidents which would have caused the valor of most men to show itself like that of Acres in the play, and "ooze away at their finger ends."

[196]

The remainder of the faws continued seated as before, but ceased to commune; and now, with heads turned and elbows leaning on the board, watched the igniting progress of the affair. They resembled a troop of falconers who, having slipped their hawk at his quarry, stand by to see the sport.

Things remained in this posture until the reappearance of mine host with a foaming flagon in one hand, and a second measure of Nantz in the other. Placing the first before the ruder parties, he approached his crony with the latter, which he bestowed upon the tripod at his side. "Noo, Matt," said he, as he did so, "it's not oft we meet, lad; se aw've browght a fresh pot, an' it shall be at my awn charge."

"Ha'd ye, Gabby! there's ne ca' for that; a public's a public, owther for friend or fremd: besides, it's getting ower late, man, aw mun be trotting."

"Kaet away! never boggle aboot a grozer* bush; there's time enough yet—dayleet's not oot the skee; and, if it war, there'll be a bonny meun to help ye on.—Ho, Will!" now first noticing the obnoxious position of Heddon, "thou's surely het

* Gooseberry.

[197]

enough i' the hinder end by this time; gi thee ways back to thee marrows, ma canny fellow, and let the honest man here hev a keek o' the low."

"An' whe am aw to stump for?" retorted the faw, turning fiercely upon the other two, as if happy to seize a handle for mischief.

"Nay, Will!" cried the landlord, deprecatingly, "dinna get caingy* upon't; if ye like to stan' afore the bars till yer flesh fizzes, ye hev ma leave."

"Yo'r leave! ye mounging† thief," interrupted the other; "ye're kind to them ye canna hinder. What! aw mun be shoved by, to please yen o' au'd Jock Lilburne's ketty lickdishes! D—n him, an' them that keep him beside, aw leuk to see them a' boiling i' the deevil's brims'on pot. An *honest* man! d'ye ca' him? He! he! it's like an honest man's

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

deed, to bite and sup at his better's cost, and then gi' them the warst word he can think on when a's deun. Sink such fouty‡ curs, say aw."

This unqualified ebullition of spleen levelled, as it was, directly in the teeth of the abused individual, placed the parties completely at 'outrance.' Matthew, following the instinct common to both bipeds and quadrupeds, started to his feet; whilst Gabriel,

* Ill tempered.

† Whining.

‡ Vile.

[198]

under great fright, endeavored in vain to sooth Heddon into quiescence.

"Will, mun! Will, hinny," he cried," dinna be se fractious—the man wants ne quar'll wi' ye."

"Mebbie aw want yen wi' him tho'," was the morose retort. "Get by, Gabby Burn (thrusting him aside), this isn't yo'r concern.—Hae ye gotten ony savelick* about ye, Maister Flonkey? (confronting Spour), it gars ye stand, heed up, i' that gyet."

The menaced servitor, still sensible how prudent it was to avoid extremities, was on the point of replying in pacificatory strain, when he was anticipated by a fresh burst of ire from his ferocious enemy; who now, for the first time, recalled his personal identity.

"Ho! ho!" he growled, "aw mind ye noo; the varry sharp shod thief that did me sic an ill turn the last time aw was poonded. A tha! but we'll not pairt this time, till aw've had revenge upon thy bull hide. B—t ye, tyek that, an' say thank ye, if ye please." As he spoke the last words, he raised from the table the leaden brandy stoup, and dashed it forcibly in the face of the luckless under butler.

* A charm to prevent a drubbing.

[199]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

This brought on the crisis which had been so long impending. For Matthew, stung to the quick at this brutal and unprovoked outrage, his manhood all in arms, and blinded with indignation, retaliated upon his aggressor. They closed together in furious combat, and an unequal struggle ensued. Spour was no match for the gigantic faw, who more than once seized him in his arms, and dashed him to the ground with savage violence. The landlord made a futile movement in favor of his maltreated friend, but was seized by some of the gang, and forced down under the benches. The room became a chaos of tumult and confusion; whilst some of the vagrants, securing the doors, prevented either egress or regress to any one. This created a new uproar; for the hostess and other females, unable to gain admission, and stirred by fearful imaginings, rent the air with shrieks and outcries.

After some minutes continuance the hubbub in the room ceased, and a whispering conversation was alone audible to those without, or rather within. Suspense was at length ended by the opening of the outer door, from which the faws were heard to issue in a body, and take the road towards their encampment. When the anxious listeners found the harsh voices of the vagabonds

[200]

diminishing in distance, they tried the yielding door, and entered the kitchen. The first object that caught the eyes of the hostess, amidst the wreck of upset benches, was the body of the insensible Spour stretched motionless upon the floor, and bathed in gore. Staggering with horrid anticipation, she could look no further, and was sinking powerless to the earth, when the sight of her husband, rising from his uninjured recumbency, relieved her fright. Satisfied of his safety, she could now join him in assisting his less happy friend.

On raising and examining the injured man, they found that he still breathed; reassured by this, they searched more narrowly, and ascertained that, though severely beaten and bruised, he had not received any serious wound. Having conveyed him to bed, and administered such restoratives as they could command, they were, in a moderate time, rewarded by seeing the object of their care revive into sensibility.

The first use poor Matthew made of his recovered faculties was to desire his pockets to be examined, as he had a vague recollection of having been rifled in the scuffle. This

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

request being complied with, it proved that his reminiscence was not deceptive; for, together with one or two other trifling matters,

[201]

Sir John's letter was reported missing. Search was immediately made for it on the late field of action, but without success. They were therefore compelled to come to the conclusion that, falling into the hands of Heddon, he had spitefully destroyed it. For though it was pretty evident that Heddon had overheard much of Spour's unguarded gossip in the kitchen, yet they could not divine why he should set any value on a correspondence in which he had no apparent interest.

Our good host and hostess, perceiving their ill used guest to be in a favorable state, ventured to seek their own repose; but not before it was arranged, that early in the morning the former should repair to Bywell, to acquaint the younger Lilburne with this misadventure.

[202]

CHAPTER XIII.

“The footsteps of fairy and fay
In the grass plot are plain to be seen,
Where at midnight in dancing the hay,
The lighten the cares of their queen.”

“Can she have loved? Why shrink I at the thought?
Why should she not?” *Jo. Baillie.*

THE bracing sharpness of a young October day had lured our hero (finding himself astir somewhat too early) to take a stroll; returning from which, on entering the Lodge, he was met and accosted by Mrs. Barbary, with lugubrious visage and dolorous accents.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Oh! Maister Frederick,” she cried,” secna thing hes happened—that canny creatur—Oh, dear me! aw’m sair greived to think on’t.”

“To think of what, Mrs. Barbary? What is this lamentation all about?”

“Yo’r man, Sur,—yo’r man, Matthew— oh!

[203]

he’s been amaist marsecreed ootreet, by some landloupin’ faws wi’ that airthful* black Wull Heddon at their heed.”

“What do you say? Matthew been waylaid! Where did this happen?—Who has brought the tale?”

“It fell oot owerneet, up at Wha’ton, Sur,—but there’s a man here that’s come post to tell ye a’”

“Oh! has there so! Why did you not tell me of that at first?—Send him to me, good Barbary, and lose no time.”

The housekeeper accordingly summoned the messenger, who, as the reader may guess, proved to be Gabriel of the “Bull.” Having received that person’s report, Frederick determined, himself, to ride over to Whatton, and ascertain the state of affairs. His notions were sufficiently obsolete to cause him to feel some concern for the mishap even of an attendant ‘fellow.’ Whilst he paced the lobby, waiting the coming down of his uncle, the housekeeper again presented herself.

“Aw hope, Maister Frederick,” she began, hesitatingly, “that ye’ll not mind ma trouble, if seeabetide† it be convenable to bring Matthew

* Fearful.

† Perchance.

[204]

ower here, for it’s not to be thow’t he can be reetly leuked efter, in a back by* hole like yon— forbye it’s bein open tiv a’ the roistering ragabash that pass the door.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

"You are very considerate, Mrs. Roddam," answered Frederick; "and I shall feel no scruple in acting upon your hint, if it be advisable."

"It's tied† to be that—an' a'm seer it'll be a plisser to me to tend a fellow sarvint at sic a time, above a', yen o' yours."

"Thank you for that compliment, Barbara. But what can keep my uncle and Mr. Er—Bradshaw so long above stairs? Neither have yet descended, I believe?"

"Nowther, Sur, nowther," was her answer; then approaching closer to our hero, and altering her tone, she said,— "Aw've a little maitter to say to ye, Sur; but aw'm doubtsome ye may teeak't amiss."

"Oh! by no means, Mrs. Roddam,—let us have it, I pray you."

Thus encouraged, sinking her voice to a confidential whisper, she began:—"It's not to tell ye, that kens him, that our maister he's a wairm hairt

* Obscure.

† Bound, certain.

[205]

for King Jaimmie, an' se mebbie hev aw mysel—but it's ill speakin one's mind anent sic a thing. Noo ye ken, Maister Frederick, tho' he's your eam*, them that brunt him for a witch wad waste their coals."

Frederick nodded and looked impatient.

"Ye've mebbie heard, Sur," she pursued, "that there's a word gaun through the country side of a rising for seake o' the au'd king's blood, whilk he's monie an honest man's goodwill. It's ma special notion, that th' upstir's like to come ower nigh heeam."

"In which way then, Mrs. Roddam?"

"Wei, Sur! aw've reason to think that this Bradshaw we hae gotten amang us, thof he's a blithesome nice gentleman, wad fain persuade our easy squire to put his finger i' the craw's nest, an' once in, it may catch a nip."

"What reason have you, my good dame?"

"The best of a', Sur; for seerly, hearin's beleiven."

"Hearing!—How?—What did you hear?"

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Wei, aw just heard the twesome speaking on’t together.”

“Hum! indeed!”—then recollecting himself,

* Uncle.

[206]

he observed, coldly:— “Well, supposing it to be so, neither you nor I can presume to remark upon it.”

“Ay, there it is noo! aw judged ye wad be saying as much. But hear ye, Maister Frederick! they’re ettling fairly for a fair cause, *that* aw dinna misdoot; but let them teeak to strang hand that are fit for’t, an not lig in sic as ha ne skeel that way. Our squire’s a canny peaceful man, and mischancy wark winna ‘gree wi’ him; se aw wuss, Sur, ye wad just set yer feace clean agean what’s brewin’ afore it be ower late.”

The young man felt but too sensible of the truth of what the sagacious housekeeper had thus plainly urged; yet conceiving that it could serve no good purpose to confirm her fears, he treated the affair lightly.

“I think, Mrs. Roddam,” said he, “we need not alarm ourselves. Mr. Haggerstone is not so hot blooded as to run into danger if he can avoid it:—besides, I doubt much that there *is* any serious danger for him to run into.”

“Weel, Sur, that’s as aw think mysel. Aw think he’s ower fond o’ the chumley neuk to stir far frev’t, but—Eh! aw hear his fut on the stair, se aw man, away!”

The ears of the housekeeper had not deceived

[207]

her, for scarcely had she left the parlor until the squire entered it, presently followed by the pseudo Mr. Bradshaw.

Frederick immediately made known to them the situation of his servant, and his own intention of proceeding to the spot without delay, as well for the purpose of seeing that due care was given to the disabled Matthew, as to ascertain the nature of the advices he bore from home. No sooner was Mr. Haggerstone put in possession of the details of the

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

affair, than, as is mostly the case with weak minds in such cases, his fancy became inflated with it. He fretted and fidgeted, questioned and lamented, until his nephew could stay no longer to listen to him. Mr. Errington, on the contrary, preserved, what was unusual with him, a thoughtful silence.

In an hour's time Frederick, attended by Burn, whom he had detained for a guide, were upon their way to Whatton.

We will not enter into a detail of all that passed after their arrival there. But briefly say that, seated by the truckle bed, in which Spour reposed, he received from that doughty wight an exaggerated account of all that had occurred. At first it was his thought to ride on to Cramlingdon,

[208]

instead of returning to the Lodge; but he gathered enough from Matthew to convince him that whatever might be the purport of the lost letter, it was, at any rate, not one of recal. He therefore abandoned that idea, considering his presence at the lattes place to be the more desirable of the two. To prevent, however, any confusion that might arise from the non-reception of the missive, he penned a few lines, advising Sir John of the circumstances, which he dispatched by a countryman to the hall. As the under butler was in a very promising state, Frederick readily determined on leaving him in the care of the Burns, with instructions to join himself at By well when it should be practicable.

From a combination of separately considered trifling circumstances, our hero was detained at Whatton much longer than he could have calculated on, and saw the day on its decline when he once more crossed his steed. Having no motive for hurry, the fineness of the afternoon caused him to ride leisurely along—too leisurely, as he afterwards found. He fell into a train of musing, from which he was eventually withdrawn by remarking that the sun had set, and the gloom of evening palpably increased. Still the appearance of the

[209]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

night, considering the lateness of the season, was delightful. A still serenity pervaded the whole line of his ride. The sky, towards the west, was a study for a painter. We will attempt a faint pen and ink sketch of it. A pale straw color, on the verge of horizon, gradually shading into a soft blue, and streaked with beautiful clouds, extended up the arch of the heavens until it was met by a semicircle of denser clouds. These again deepening, as they stretched towards the deserted east, blackened into pitchy opacity. The murkiness of the aerial vault generally contrasted well with the mild light that still streamed from the quarter alluded to; whilst on the edge of the darker clouds, just struggling into view, the moon appeared in an attenuated crescent. Frederick would have enjoyed the sweet and soothing pleasure of the hour to its fullest extent, had he not, about this time, begun to apprehend that he had lost his way. After striving in vain to recognise the features of the country around him, he became convinced that such was really the fact. For a while he felt at a loss whether to proceed or retrograde; he determined on the former.

His perseverance, was ultimately rewarded by the sight of a small cottage standing at the angle,

[210]

which a miserable by-path made with the road he was pursuing. To arouse the inmates of this lone dwelling was an obvious thought, and put into immediate execution. In answer to his hail an old crone appeared upon the threshold."

"My good woman," demanded he, "can you tell ma how far I am from Bywell, or point out in what direction it lays?"

"Bywell," iterated the woman; "aw dinna ken ony sic pleeace."

"Corbridge, then, perhaps you know?"

"Ay; aw ken Corbrig weel enough; but ye're clean oot o' that geeat."

"I feared as much—can you put me into it?"

"Aw can mebbie meeak a fend," said his female interlocutor, advancing from the house; "ye see that lonnen" (pointing down the by-lane before mentioned); if ye teeak doon there, it'll lead ye on tiv a fell; ye man cross that fell, streight fornenst ye, till ye come tiv

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

a bit knowe, where the fairy steean stans'; then keep ti the left o' that, and ha'd on till ye get a gliff o'Tyne watter—”

“Ah! that will do, thank you; let me once get to the river side, and I shall find my own way. I'm to keep to the left of the fairy stone, as you call it; pray how may I find that stone?”

[211]

“Weel enough! meeak straight ower the fell, an' when ye're about half way, ye'll see't stannin' upon end afore ye, on the hill top.”

In possession of this information, after thanking and rewarding his informant, he rode down the lane indicated, and in due time debouched upon the edge of an extensive moor. The moon and stars together gave sufficient light to enable him, with eyes now accustomed to the gloom, to distinguish the outline of objects, and assisted his course across the waste, towards where he perceived an abrupt rise in the ground. On a nearer approach he could discern upon its summit a sort of pillar, or post, relieved against the faint light that still lingered in the western sky. Convinced that he had descried what was to be the pole star of his nocturnal navigation, he pressed forward with more assured confidence.

Having reached the base of the knoll in question, lie was on the point of turning his horse's bead to the left, as counselled, when his attention was arrested by a circumstance which the hour and place caused him to consider singular.

Near the stone that had hitherto been his beacon, suddenly appeared a light figure; which immediately began to encircle it with an extraordinary

[212]

sort of movement. Ill defined, but undeniably existent beyond conceit, flitted a shape not uncalculated to stir tremors in the sensorium of superstitious credulity, particularly at a period when the mass of mankind were still hampered with puerile prejudices. Nay, the coincidence of what he saw with the name and reputed character of the place, even our hero mentally acknowledged to be somewhat remarkable.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Dismissing, however, if he had at all entertained such feelings as those hinted, he determined to hail the peripatetic personage, and obtain from him some further information as to his future route, about which he already began to discover a difficulty.

In pursuance of this intention, he spurred his horse through the thick furze that encumbered the base of the hillock, and approached the figure, yet unconscious of his proximity, and, at this juncture, groping about the stone pillar, as if employed in some inexplicable operation. As far as the imperfect light would allow him to judge, the form appeared to be that of a boy in á fantastic habit. Cool speculation, however, on this point was soon rendered untenable; for the boy, turning suddenly round and discovering an intruder, uttered

[213]

a suppressed cry, and then bounded down the opposite slope with all the speed of terror. Frederick making account of his spurs, soon gained upon the fugitive; who, probably overcome by fear and over exertion, eventually sank down on the ground, uttering a piercing scream. Seeing this, he reined in his horse, and calling to the boy, declared his object of inquiry and in friendly accents endeavored to reassure him. Not succeeding, he dismounted, and raised the light form from the earth, using such gentle language as was best calculated to allay the other's fears; but still in vain, as an audible beating of the heart, a trembling hand, and speechless tongue plainly indicated.

The boy remained in this state but for an instant, when, making a convulsive effort, he disengaged himself from the arms of his well meaning supporter, and turning away, stood with averted looks and hand-shaded countenance.

A small conical hat had fallen off, and released a luxuriant mass of raven curls which fell in rich profusion over neck and shoulders. A new conviction now flashed vividly across Frederick's mind: for, be it observed, he was not one of those single minded Paladins we meet with in story,

[214]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

who never can discern what it is not meant they should, though it be never so palpable; on the contrary, being gifted with the rare and valuable quality, vulgarly called common sense, generally made that use of his optics for which they were no doubt intended by nature. To come to the point—he saw that the timid, trembling creature before him, was a female! and a lovely one.

Once sensible of this, he softened his manner into a demonstration, not more kind, because that was impossible, but more fraught with gentle tenderness.

“Dismiss your alarms, fair creature,” he proceeded, “I divine your secret, but let not that shock you—you are in the hands of a gentleman and a man of honor.”

“The girl, for girl it was, seemed to struggle for a moment with maiden bashfulness; and then, as if making a virtue of necessity, half withdrew the shielding from her face. Still looking on the ground, she broke silence in tones that thrilled through Frederick’s every sense, and almost plunged him into the same speechless state from which she herself had just recovered.

“I cannot apprehend danger in the company of Mr. Frederick Lilburne,” were her words.

[215]

“Gracious heaven,” exclaimed the agitated youth, “can it be Miss Errington that I now behold in this unaccountable masquerade!”

“Yes, Sir, it is Miss Errington,” answered the young lady, drawing herself up, and speaking with a firmness which contrasted wonderfully with her previous disorder; “but she hopes Mr. Lilburne is too much what he represents himself—a gentleman and a man of honor—to draw any hasty conclusion from what he has been pleased to call a masquerade.”

There was such an avouch of modest dignity, of maidenly pride, in her manner of saying the above, that Frederick felt quite charmed with it; and any unseemly images, which might have flitted across the perspective of his fancy, ‘made themselves air’

“It would ill become me, Madam,” answered he, deferentially, “to pronounce judgment on the Conduct of any lady, much less on that of one for whom I entertain so profound a sentiment of respect”

This was, answered by a slightly proud inclination of the head.

An embarrassing pause ensued, which the lady was the first to break.

[216]

“It cannot be desirable, Mr. Lilburne,” she observed, “that this awkward interview should be prolonged. At a future opportunity I shall deem it due to myself to offer an explanation which present expediency forbids.”

“Dearest Miss Errington,” interrupted Frederick, warmly, “none is required; or, were there any, your own virtues will afford it amply.”

“You are a well bred man, Mr. Lilburne; and such an answer I expected from you. Nevertheless, I know an explanation is needed, and *shall* in good time be afforded. Here, Sir, we part.”

“Sweet lady!” he exclaimed, taking the hand she had frankly extended to him; “I cannot leave you alone on this wild moor, at such an untimely hour. Pray allow me to”

Here the empoisoning conceit that she might not be altogether *alone*, momentarily returned upon him: he hesitated, in some confusion, and became silent, still unconsciously holding her hand.

From her answer it would almost have appeared that, with a woman’s tact, she had divined his thoughts, and was disposed to divert the scope of it.

“Well,” she replied, softly smiling, “I will not

[217]

decline your escort. Our poor place of Hareslaw stands within a brief two miles of this spot; whither, if you please, you shall conduct me; and once there, I imagine even Mr. Lilburne will think me in safety.”

Eloquently thanking her for this proof of confidence, he followed her steps across the moor, leading his horse, until they arrived near a sheltered clump of furze. Amongst this was fastened a quiet pony, ready saddled, and having a large wrapping cloak and hood thrown across its back. Whilst Dulcis enveloped herself in the ample folds of the latter, Frederick untied and prepared the former to receive its burthen. Once mounted, the

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

tractable animal trotted off at a good rate, our hero quickly gaining and maintaining a place alongside of its fair mistress.

As they progressed along he mentioned having left Mr; Errington at Bywell in good health and spirits in the morning. The intelligence highly gratified, but slightly surprised the young lady; for it did not appear that she had been positively certified as to the place of her parent's temporary sojourn.

"Are you aware of the nature of papa's situation?" she inquired, with an air of sudden interest.

[218]

"Partially," was his answer.

"To what extent then, Mr. Lilburne? Do tell me, it may be of import at this moment."

"His desire for present concealment I have been entrusted with; but further I am not permitted to know, and wish not to surmise."

The answer seemed to disappoint some half raised expectation formed by Dulcis; for, on receiving it, she lapsed into silence; this transitory cloud dispelled, she observed, in her usual cheerful tone, "Pray, Mr. Lilburne, were you not a while ago in concern at having missed your way, or something of that kind?"

"I was; and it is owing thereto that I now enjoy the pleasure of Miss Errington's society."

"Which is a mighty compensation for the sacrifice of Mr. Haggerstone's comfortable supper, in favor of a dark dismal ride on Hareslaw Moor. But, seriously, it will be impossible for you to find your way to By well tonight. Now there is a house of entertainment in the neighboring village to which I would recommend you. There you can be accommodated until morning, and then resume your journey with ease and safety."

"My dear Madam! you honor me too much by condescending to notice such a circumstance; believe me, I feel your sweet consideration as—"

[219]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Pooh, pooh, nonsense,” interrupted the young lady, “is a woman never to be allowed to commit herself in a little plain sense without having a fuss made about it? Look, Mr. Lilburne! there is the village I spoke of; it remains with yourself to act upon my suggestion or not.”

A light or two glimmering through the gloom, in the direction she indicated, gave token of habitations.

“I cannot choose but follow counsel at once so kind and so judicious,” was the moderated reply.

“There now, that is speaking a little more rationally. But we linger, and time with me is precious:” so saying, she urged on her little steed afresh, thereby breaking off the shadow of conversation hitherto kept up.

The situation of Frederick was one which wound up his feelings into an intensity almost intolerable. To have the object of a first passionate love riding by his side in the solitude of night, and depending on him for protection, was a trial few young men of ardent mind could support with composure. The questionable circumstances under which he had met her were poured in at one ear by pride; jealousy possessed the other with the name of Ratcliffe; both efforts failed. Passion took unlimited possession of his soul; and if he refrained from

[220]

declaring his sentiments to their fair inspirer on the instant, it was not owing to such dictates as these, but to the vile and common-place barrier of existing impracticability. For it will be conceded that the opportunity afforded by a night ride, over a difficult and uneven track, was not an eligible one in which to breathe a thrilling tale. Love, to be sure, is said to surmount all sorts of obstacles, and therefore might have been expected to triumph over this; but, though the disclosure may endanger the gentleman’s reputation with the ladies, we are compelled to acknowledge that it proved insurmountable. Doubtless the difficulty was enhanced by the rapid pace at which Miss Errington continued to press forward; persevering until they arrived where a few enclosures announced the contiguity of the village. At the mouth of an opening amongst these Dulcis reined up her palfrey.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Here, Mr. Lilburne, our roads separate,” she exclaimed. “There,” pointing forward, “is your destination, here is mine.”

Frederick’s eye, following her last indication, distinguished the outline of a large mansion glooming through the distance.

“May I not be gratified in seeing Miss Errington

[221]

safe under the roof of her father, ere I think of other considerations?” he asked, taken rather by surprise at this announcement.

“I thank you, no. Here we must part; and perhaps I may be allowed to say, that I hope, when next we meet, it may be under happier auspices.”

“So we do but meet, I care not under what auspices,” was his impassioned and emphatic reply.

What the young lady might think of this burst of feeling was hidden under the veil of night: — she spoke on another subject.

“Bear to my father, Mr. Lilburne,” said she, “a daughter’s love. I will also charge you with a few words more; tell him:—but I forget, you will not see him till tomorrow, so ‘tis no matter.”

“If it can give a moment’s pleasure to Miss Errington, I will reach Bywell ere I sleep.

“The offer merits my gratitude,” she replied, with sweetness, “but the performance is quite unnecessary. You will now, Sir, if you please, allow me to take my way alone. Farewell, Sir!”

Repeating this adieu, with a graceful wave of the hand, she galloped down the avenue before her.

[222]

“Farewell!” reiterated our hero, with fervor; “and may every sainted power preserve you!”

Confused and stupified, he continued to strain his eyes down the vista, until the last vestige and the last tramp had died away.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

At length, turning his horse's head, he proceeded slowly towards the hamlet, his mind in a state of stagnant excitement; the only tangible feature of which was, an unreasoning self reproach at having omitted, at all risks, to ascertain his fate with the lady. To trifle with opportunity when it is within our grasp, and to bewail its absence when we have it not, is a common weakness in mankind. It must, however, be admitted that, albeit his heated feelings caused him thus to torment himself, it was, in the present instance, without a fair count of self-indictment.

[223]

CHAPTER XIV.

“Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.”—*Othello*.

FREDERICK proceeded to urge his way amongst the few insignificant huts that constituted the village of Hareslaw; amongst which, the light and noise then issuing, sufficiently distinguished the head quarters of rustic good fellowship. The house he sought was a few degrees better in structure than those adjoining. It stood upon a sort of mount, rising up from the road side, on which were rooted several shady old trees, which greatly embellished the premises. Upon a projecting branch of one of these might have been seen, had the light permitted, a painted sign, giving promise of good cheer within.

At the base of this mound Frederick was compelled to halt, and procure attention by a vigorous

[224]

use of his lungs. His call was answered by Boniface himself; for so we may venture legitimately to call this person, he being one of those punchy rubicund sort of landlords, who alone have a prescriptive title to that *venerabile nomen*.

In reply to Frederick's question, whether he could have lodging and entertainment, he answered sharply— “Lodging! aw'se warn't can ye, or what for do we show the cheekers

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

on wor door? Get off! (descending the slope, and taking the bridle of the horse) an' gan' yor ways up ta the hoose. Aw'll teeak the beast roond mysel."

Obeying the cavalier instructions of his free and easy host, he abandoned the horse to his care, and approached the door; which he found opened at once into the common drinking room of the house. On entering he found himself in a large and irregular apartment, occupied by a number of stout countrymen, who sat in groups around, smoking and quaffing 'nut-brown ale.' These suspended their respective conversations to stare at the new comer, after the good, old, and approved fashion. He, to cover himself from annoyance, and not seeing any of the household at hand, stationed himself near the fire, with his back turned towards the gapers.

[225]

At length the landlord bustled in, of whom he demanded to be shown into a private apartment.

"Ye canna exac'ly hev a room to yersel'," returned the other; "but aw'll shew ye into the parlor, there's on'y a singel gen'leman there."

"Perhaps he may not like to be intruded upon?"

"Hoot—toot—toot," piped this self-important member of the ale-drawing fraternity; "ma parlor's free tiv ivery yen that can pay his way; besides, whar els can ye gan te? ye'll not be for wairming the sheets se early, and ye seem not to like the pleece ye're in.—This way, gin ye please."

Yielding to this reasoning, Frederick followed the holder from the kitchen into a smaller room opening into it. Though denominated the parlor, its only superiority over the other seemed to consist in its being floored with wood, and further advanced into the interior of the building.

Here, at a small table, sat a large built, but deboshed looking man, booted and spurred. A hat with a military cock, riding-whip, and pair of huge holster pistols lay on a chair at one side; whilst on the table before him was a measure of brandy, pipes, and tobacco. Though the reader may not have recognised in this worthy an acquaintance, that did

[226]

Frederick; for he perceived the stranger to be the same Captain Shaftoe whom he had seen at Dilstone. The recognition, however, was not mutual.

After dismissing 'mine host' with orders to bring a stoup of claret (the wine generally drunk at that day), he seated himself carelessly opposite the other. Shaftoe, on his part, sat with his body thrown back in his chair, and legs extended to their utmost stretch, assuming the look and port of one who means to inform another how little he cares about him. Both parties being Englishmen, they might have sat the evening out in unsocial silence, had not Frederick, acting upon an opinion that few men, however shy, will slight a positive advance of civility, determined to break the ice. This he did by politely expressing his satisfaction at falling into agreeable society where he had expected loneliness; at the same time hoping that he had not disturbed a wish for privacy in the other party.

Shaftoe, at the commencement of this speech, turned on the speaker a regard which seemed to say "Who the devil are you?" but, ere its conclusion, his features relaxed.

"Oh no," he replied, "wayfarers can't stand on ceremony. It's a d—d dull hole this, and all

[227]

the better of company—though, by the by, I expect a friend o' my own. However, here's to ye, all the same."

Our host at this moment entering with the claret, gave Frederick an opportunity of returning this clumsy compliment.

"I say, master landlord," cried Shaftoe, stopping the man as he left the room, "let me have t'other jug; and, harkee, I expect Captain Featherstone here tonight, you must bestir yourself, he'll want a bed."

"Then want mun be his maister," was the retort; "for he canna hev yen here. Aw've on'y just 'comodation for this gen'leman an' yersel'."

"You be d—d! can't you give up your own styte for one night, old greasy chops?"

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“My sang! but ye’ve a brazen’d feeace,” exclaimed the landlord, in tones meant for Frederick’s ear alone; then, speaking aloud, he said, “if aw gi’ up my bed, what am aw to meeak o’ mysel’, aw’d like to kna’.”

“Why, make yourself scarce, that’s all. ’Sblood, is there never an old maid or bewitched widow in the parish?”

Whether, in this last sally, the captain had made a hit, of which he was himself unconscious,

[228]

remains to be surmised; but certain it is, that the landlord showed signs of disconcert, unusual in him. He was, notwithstanding, cudgelling his impudence for a reply, when Shaftoe again took him up.

“Come! be off now, whilst the game’s green!” he blustered, being evidently a little inebriated; “I see you’re brewing sauce that won’t suit my palate. You can make a shift for my friend, either here or hard by, that I am sure of; so set about it, without any more palaver.”

“Ay, ay,” grumbled the landlord, as he quitted the room, “huz poor vitt’lers man square a’ corners. Aw’ll see what can be deun.”

Frederick and his chance friend, being now left alone together, fell into a desultory conversation, in the course of which the former alluded to the casualty which had thrown him for the night at Hareslaw.

“Going to Hexham, perhaps?” queried Shaftoe.

“No, to Bywell.”

“Didn’t like to chance the moor, then, I suppose?”

“Not exactly. I did *attempt* to cross it, but was ultimately induced to relinquish the idea, from the uncertainty of the track.”

[229]

“Hum! ‘tis a pity you didn’t come here an hour sooner, if you had, you’d ha’ got a guide across’.”

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Indeed! that would have been very desirable.”

“Doubtless, not to speak o’ the comfort of a cheery companion on a dull ride. You’d ha’ soon found out that my friend was none o’ ye’re half bred chaps; but you’ll likely know him—every one hereabout knows young Charley Ratcliffe.”

“What, of the Derwentwater family?”

“The same, and a choice sprig of it.”

The hearer *did* know him, and the information gave a dilapidating shock to the *chateaux d’ amour* he had recently been raising. “Thick coming fancies” poured upon him, and he became so oblivious, as almost to forget the presence of a second person.

“We’ll drink his health, master, if you’ve no objection,” challenged Shaftoe.

Frederick silently and mechanically complied, so far as raising the cup to his lips, but returned it untasted.

“D—d moping work this,” pursued the other, replacing an exhausted goblet; “If Dick Errington had only been at home, Charles would have

[230]

remained. Ah! we’d have had a jolly rouse: Dick’s a prime fellow, so he is; a famous third man, be the other two what they may; wish he’d been at home, with all my soul!”

Here the doughty captain, finding that Frederick continued absent, and spoke not, paused in his “maunder;” then, turning round in his chair, crossed one leg over the other, and devoted himself entirely to his pipe.

The crotchet which now possessed Frederick’s brain, and rendered him thus *distract*, must, ere this, have been divined by the sagacious reader: lest, however, duller than the Lethean weed, he should have failed to do so, we will condescend to particularize. The extraordinary situation in which he had recently seen Miss Errington, coupled with the coincident proximity of Charles Ratcliffe, afforded a basis on which, it must be confessed, a superstructure of acrid speculation might, not unreasonably, be raised.

He had all along been predisposed to see a formidable rival in that young man; and his fears suggested, with a force amounting to conviction, that a clandestine interview had been this night, if not effected, intended, betwixt him and Dulcis. To suppose this, was to “argue a foregone

[231]

conclusion” of love, which utterly paralysed his own hopes, and shook, till they tottered, the pillars of his future happiness. Yet suppose it he did; and in that supposition experienced a foretaste of Tartarean pleasures.

Whilst he chewed upon this mental ratsbane, in moody silence, the door of the room was thrown open with a jerk, and in stalked the expected Featherstone.

Approaching the table, he accosted the now dosing Shaftoe.

“Ho, Jack!” he broke forth, “How is it with you, man? What, napping, when you ought to be on the alert for news?” then perceiving, or rather distinguishing, Frederick, he hesitated, bestowing on him a startled and displeased regard.

Shaftoe, who by this time had shaken the cobwebs from his brain, now rose and welcomed his compeer; inviting him to be seated. Instead of complying with which invitation, the other drew him aside; and, after whispering together for a moment, both withdrew.

Occupied as he was with foreign thoughts, Frederick could not avoid noticing that Featherstone had not acknowledged his presence by the slightest act of courtesy; nay, that on the contrary, his manner had been positively offensive.

[232]

Here, notwithstanding we have the fear of Chesterfield before our eyes, we venture to recal a passage in the wisdom of yore, running thus: “When the ear burns, evil is somewhere spoken of us.” Now whether Lilburne had received a sensible admonition of this kind, or whether he came to the conclusion by a more logical induction, is of little consequence; but, most assuredly, he did feel convinced that the purpose for which the retired worthies had adjourned bore an unpleasant relation to himself.

In this conjecture he was not deceived; for, in a brief space, the landlord made his appearance, evidently laboring under a degree of embarrassment, the more remarkable, because unusual. His customary blunt freedom of address had vanished, and he stood shuffling, as if charged with a commission he felt at a loss how to open.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“An it please ye, Sur,” he at length stammered out, “thor tve gen’lemen that ha’ just geean oot, ha’ met here by ‘pointment, and want to be bi thersels; se, mebbie, as the neet’s weel spent, ye wad be se good as—as—to ‘comodate them.”

“How do you mean?” demanded Frederick, sharply.

“Wei, Sur! just that ye wad gan cannily te yer awn sleeping room, Sur; this is spoken for,

[233]

an’ aw ha’ ne other to put ye in but the public yen; thof aw canna see what should ail ye at that.”

“Why, man! did you not tell me that this was a public room, and disengaged? I assure you that I consider it such, and shall not quit it until it suits my own convenience; so, you may tell those who sent you.”

“Wei! wei! but bethink ye, Sur,” said the host, in a fleeching tone, “canny ways is best. Thor captains are rumbustical kind o’ gentry, an’ winna be staid; ‘tickerly that Shaftoe, he’s a roaring blade when he’s raised, an’ meeast as fractious as mad Jock Hall of Otterburn; se, Sur, if ye please, we’d best meeak a’ things ‘greeable.”

This speech was uttered in a low significant way, intended to induce Frederick to give up his point through the influence of ‘discretion.’ It had a contrary effect. The implied threat conveyed roused his spirit, and he determined not to be thrust out of a fair possession in this abrupt and unqualified way.

“Tell the *gentlemen* “said he, “for so, I suppose, they call themselves, that I shall remain here whilst it is agreeable to myself.”

“But consither, Sur.”

[234]

“Leave the room, Sir, I have given you my answer.”

The landlord reluctantly withdrew.

No time was given for cogitation on this matter. Scarcely had the man retired ere the door was irefully slammed back, and in strode the two martialists, with visages inflamed and threatening.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Shaftoe, flushed by the fiery liquid he had been imbibing, was the first to ‘give mouth,’ which he did, with outpuffed cheeks and dilated nostrils.

“When people are told that their company is disagreeable, they generally move off,” he blustered.

“Do you mean to apply that observation to me, Sir,” demanded Frederick.

“I do. My friend and self would be alone. So (jerking his head towards the door), you understand!”

“Sir! I understand nothing, but that I am in a place of public resort, and shall use it as meets my own pleasure; meanwhile, I should recommend *you* to inquire the customs of such places.”

“This show of indifference, Mr. Lilburne, won’t cover the matter,” took up Featherstone, a sneer of meaning, curling his lip; “there are personal reasons, and those such as you may guess at, which render your presence here unendurable.”

[235]

“Personal reasons! such as I can guess at!”

“Ay! and ought to blush for, if ye be not past that mark o’ grace,” observed Shaftoe.

“What is the meaning of this treatment?” exclaimed Frederick, starting to his feet; “if I am to be insulted, at least let me know with which I am to deal.”

“With me then, if you please,” answered Featherstone, anticipating his companion; “but, first, I will be plainer in my words: think you that the paltry pickthank, who foists himself into the company of honorable men, in order to play the spy, can expect the consideration of a gentleman?”

“Good God! pickthank and spy!” iterated Frederick, almost speechless with surprise and indignation.

“Ay! Master Lil—Lillyboy,” broke in Shaftoe, “think o’ the words, man; ye’ll hear them often before ye’re much older.”

The young man took no notice of this insolence, but, addressing himself to the other, said, with a union of warmth and dignity, “Captain Featherstone, you have applied to me language which never was so applied by mortal man, nor shall be now, with impunity. Explain yourself, Sir.”

“Tis easy done; though, I should think, quite

[236]

unnecessary,” returned Featherstone, provokingly cool. “When you came amongst your uncle’s friends, uninvited and undesired, did you expect they would be silly enough not to pierce through the paltry motive? Could they be so blind as not to see that you were a rook amongst pigeons? I was not so, at least. I *then* suspected you to play the part of a state eavesdropper, and now I am convinced of the fact.”

“A lie! an infamous, a monstrous lie!” burst from the mouth of our hero, as the other concluded, his whole frame trembling under an excess of honorable passion.

“Ay, indeed, my young Hector,” cried Featherstone, now firing in turn, and his swarthy countenance assuming a coppery tint, “by — but you shall lower your tone before we part. Shaftoe, have you got ever a riding rod at hand? a supple jack, well exercised, will be the best monitor to this scoundrelly whigling.”

“By heaven! this is too bad,” exclaimed the insulted Lilburne, drawing his rapier, and assuming a guard; “Captain Featherstone, if you are not a coward, as well as a ruffian, stand on your defence. You, Sir, I hope (speaking to Shaftoe) will not forget the laws of manhood and fair fight. Come on, I’m quite ready.”

[237]

“Have at ye, then, Master Scout-well,” returned his reviler, accepting the challenge, “a little cold iron now may save your ears from the pillory at another time.”

In the next moment table and chairs were thrown over, and both parties lunging at each other with the utmost inveteracy. Some fatal result would, doubtless, soon have terminated the strife, but that the idlers, who still sat toying in the outward apartment, hearing the noise, and crowding in upon the belligerents, obstructed the combat. Not that the intruders showed any disposition that way; on the contrary, like most Englishmen, they gloried in a fight; but, that the irruption being swelled by the whole household, the room became so choked, as to render it impossible to use weapon.

This being the case, some of these bystanding amateurs hinted the propriety of an adjournment into the neighboring kitchen; whilst others officiously busied themselves in

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

clearing therein a space for the purpose. The clamorous remonstrances of the landlord, too, were summarily settled; for one strapping fellow seized him by the shoulders, and fairly thrust him out of the room. In all probability, therefore, the duel would have

[238]

been resumed on a new arena, had not a plain decent looking farmer whispered into Frederick's ear a recommendation not to fight, as he was "among unfriends."

Circumspection so aroused, he himself detected a greater degree of intelligence exhibited by Shaftoe and the countrymen than was altogether satisfactory. Acting upon which impression, and apprehending that therefrom he might not experience fair play, the young man determined to postpone the perilous arbitrement until the morning.

Drawing his adversary aside, he said to him, "It appears to me, Sir, that this quarrel cannot here be decided; or, at least, not in such a way as a gentleman would desire."

"And wherefore not?" interrupted the other; "the presence of a few hobnails can make no difference; but, perhaps, you've lost your appetite for the game, and care riot for another bout."

"The sneer, Sir, is premature; be assured I shall not quit this place until you have yielded me account for those insults. Tomorrow, in the morning, I will meet you on the adjoining moor—and, if you please, alone."

"Hum! tomorrow will be a busy day—but, be it so, I will expect you at eight o'clock."

[239]

"You shall not have to wait, Sir," was the answer; after which, stiffly bowing to each other, they separated.

Frederick tarried not a moment longer amongst the knot of disappointed clowns, but repaired hastily to the circumscribed attic, which constituted his dormitory: here, throwing himself on a seat, with his head upon its clumsy table, he endeavoured to collect his scattered ideas, and think over the events of the past day.

His blood, however, had been too much chafed to admit of calm retrospection. The strange and questionable situation in which he had so recently seen her who occupied a

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

despot's throne in his bosom; and the (to him) hateful supposition, by which he now rendered it but too intelligible, formed a cause amply sufficient to have upset his composure, without an auxiliary. Nevertheless, deep as was his chagrin, under the conclusion he thereon entertained, it sunk to temporary oblivion, amid the fiery effervescence of outraged honor and insulted manhood.

Though naturally of a gentle and amenable disposition, he possessed a proud and undaunted spirit; and, under the provocation received, looked

[240]

on the contest of the morrow rather with complacency than dread.

The fever of his spirit having at length, in some degree, cooled, he began to review the responsibilities of his predicament. In consequence, drawing out his tablets, he therein inscribed a few lines to Sir John and Alatheia; containing his last wishes, in case fate should next day declare against him.

This necessary duty performed he became more composed, and his mind opened for a while to softer feelings. The recollection of Dulcis, not as the betrothed of Ratcliffe, but in her own abstract and, witching identity returned to memory, with an effect, lulling as

“The hum of Indian bees at sunset.”

He soothed himself with the pleasingly painful hope, that if he fell she would drop a tear to his untimely extinction. But soon, by a natural reaction, his thoughts reverted to the degrading, the unworthy charge, which Featherstone had promulgated against him, and all was grating.— Then came the stinging surmise, that Dulcis, connected as she was with a certain junto, might (how humiliating) be brought to credit his baseness. For this, he was allowed to *console* himself

[241]

in the bitter reflection, that her opinion could be nothing to him, when her heart was already bestowed upon a rival,—delectable choice of poisons.

On his first meeting with Featherstone, his impression was of that indefinable nature expressed in the epigram of Martial:—

“Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.”

But if he then lacked motive for his dislike, he soon found it in the unfriendly and even rude port, which that person early exhibited towards himself; sufficiently showing, that in such a quarter amicable overtures would be thrown away. — When, therefore, he perceived in this man the probable author of a slander which would make his name odious to all honorable ears, it may be imagined that he looked upon him with little of Christian sentiment.

We have before premised, that our hero was not a vindictive character; and would almost peril ourselves, that his organs of destructiveness and combativeness were not inordinate; yet still we must confess, that on this occasion, he manifested

[242]

a degree of animal feeling which, if irreligious, was far from his wont.

Wearied at length with an unprofitable vigil he betook himself to his couch (truckle bed), and strove to court that repose which he so much needed, but which it was some time ere he obtained.

[243]

CHAPTER XV.

—————“If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend’st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without intention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.” — *Henry VI.*

“Come down, come down, my gude lord says,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Come down, my fair ladie;

O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,

The morning sun is hie.” —*Old Ballad.*

THE almost level rays of the morning sun had, for some time, shot through the red chequered curtains that enclosed him, when Lilburne awoke from the heavy sleep into which he had ultimately fallen. On making this discovery, he instantly started up, apprehensive that he might have overslept the appointed hour and on applying to his watch, found that such really was the fact.

Anxious to anticipate as far as possible, the

[244]

inference which never fails to follow a tardiness in affairs of this kind, he hurried on his clothes and hastened below.

Crossing, with impatient celerity, the mound, or shelf, upon which the inn, so to call it, stood, he met Shaftoe, who appeared to be loitering thereon, in idle expectation. As he passed this person, he received from him an impertinent leer; more offensive than the speech which accompanied it.

“You’ll find him there,” said he, pointing; “that is, if he be not tired of waiting, as well he may:—but, to be sure, a sharp morning cools hot blood.”

Frederick took no notice either of the speaker or his sarcasm, but speeded on, until having cleared the enclosures of the village, he obtained from the hill on which it stood, a full view over the fell, or common, the drear extent of which lay displayed before him. Eagerly casting his eye over its surface in search of his purposed antagonist, he soon distinguished the figure of that individual, pacing the hungry sward at some distance, and had put himself in motion to join him, when an un- looked for incident diverted his intention.

In the same line of view with Featherstone, he perceived, just issuing on the opposite verge of

[245]

the moor, a numerous company of horsemen; who advanced in the direction of the village he had left, with unusual speed.

His first idea was, that it might be a field of sportsmen; but seeing no dogs, nor other corroborative indications, he was compelled to dismiss that supposition. After puzzling a few moments in vain, to account for what he saw, his eye again caught the person of Featherstone, who now seemed also to have detected the approaching body; and, what rather surprised him, was apparently making towards it. Nor did this long remain a question, for in a brief space of time, when the cavalcade neared the soldier, salutations were discernably exchanged betwixt him and the leading cavaliers, with whom he then turned back, and retraced his former steps in apparently earnest conversation.

Uncertain in what light to view the affair, Frederick paused, waiting the rapid approximation of this “pulk” of equestrians; which, it has been before observed, shaped its course upon the point he occupied. And whilst he so stood, pondering on the scene before him, he felt an instinctive presentiment of evil, accompanied by an inward suggestion to quit the spot; to which, however, unluckily, he did not attend.

[246]

As the troop drew nigh, he became able to ascertain the quality of those who composed it. They were, for the most part, opened visaged, gallant looking gentlemen, mounted on well bred hunters; which, together with their masters, were completely appointed for a prolonged ride. It could not moreover escape observation, that all were armed with sword and pistol: and a closer scrutiny showed the greater part had the flushed and excited appearance of men bent on some extraordinary enterprise. Anon, he was able to recognize several of the party, and in that recognition, obtained a clew to direct his hitherto vague conjectures.

One of the number no sooner challenged than he absorbed all his regards. It was a fair, lightly formed young man; who, gaily equipped and handsomely mounted, bounded and caracoled in front of the rest. The prescient reader need not be told, that this was the Earl of Derwentwater. Near him rode his youthful brother, laughing and chatting with his

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

friend Wogan, both in boisterously high spirits. In this, they contrasted with the earl, whose countenance was

“Sicklied o’er by the pale cast of thought,”

which prevailed in spite of an evident disposition

[247]

to repress it. A number of others, amongst whom were most of the late Dilstone convivialists, composed the van and centre of the train; a knot of servants (likewise armed) bringing up the rear.

During the time that their gradual approach allowed Frederick for reflection, he in vain endeavored to frame a plausibly peaceful excuse for what he beheld. The raw, chilly state of the morning—the early hour—the exhibition of arms—his knowledge of the parties, as far as it went, were all opposed to that endeavour.

Next, a conceit of a more personal and immediate nature forced itself upon his understanding, and excluded other speculation: this was, that he himself formed, in some sort, the object of present regard with those of the leading group. Nor was it long until he became but too well convinced of the fact. For, when the headmost horsemen arrived on that part of the beaten track which was opposite to where he stood, they wheeled abruptly out of the line, and pricked towards him, the remainder following their example. Now, indeed, did our hero feel his predicament an awkward one. He was the synosure of all eyes, and what rendered the matter much worse, could plainly perceive that most of them spoke a language

[248]

unfavorable and even menacing. Nay, not content with looking dislike, some of the ruder cavaliers went so far as to shake their riding rods at him, in a manner equally offensive and significant. Stunned by these ungracious demonstrations, he remained motionless with surprise and painful anticipation, until a dignified elderly gentleman, in a white wig, which surmounted a countenance redolent of claret, whose name he knew to be Tunstall,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

accosted him, apparently at the suggestion of the earl; whilst that nobleman himself, holding up his hand, calmed the impatience of the rest.

“Mr. Lilburne,” said Tunstall, addressing the young man in a polite but cold and distant style, “may I inquire in what light we are to look upon your appearance here at this moment?”

Frederick recovering from his first stupor, called to aid all his native energies, and answered haughtily, “When I learn that I am in any way accountable to Mr. Tunstall for my private movements I shall consider on an answer.”

“Pshaw, Sir,” returned the other, “this is no time for punctilio, nor does the case require it. Your design is seen through, and you must abide by the consequences.”

“To what design does Mr. Tunstall allude

[249]

and what are the consequences he dares to threaten?”

“I am no trifler, Sir,” retorted Tunstall, severely; “and, therefore, request you will quit this affected unconsciousness, and meet the examination to which we feel called on to subject you.”

“I deny alike the power and its provocation,” was the answer.

“Can the *information* (significantly dwelling on the word) which you have gone so much out of your way to acquire, leave you at a loss to guess that the rightful cause we now openly avow, gives us power to deal with its enemies?—what may be the treatment *you* merit is an after consideration.”

“Yes, Mr. Lilburne,” joined in the earl, now speaking for the first time, “we are indeed in arms against the usurping government you acknowledge; and our duty, both to our sovereign and to ourselves, demands that we should not pass you by. Knowing this, Sir, I trust you will either satisfy us as to your intents, or prepare to accompany us elsewhere.”

This plain address confirmed to the hearer all that his quick suspicions had early surmised; and with that confirmation came the galling

[250]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

conviction that the slanderous tale of Featherstone had already found its way to the ears of every one present. Spurning, as he did, an imputation so vile, and writhing under a dread that it might be believed, all diffidence, all hesitation vanished.

“My Lord Derwentwater and gentlemen,” he cried, stepping forward, “of the cause which has drawn you thus together, I will not presume to speak, God and your own hearts direct you thereon; but as to the unfounded prejudice which I see you have imbibed against myself, that must, and shall be answered. Answered, not by a calm refutation, for to that I will not condescend, but thrown back with scorn and contempt in the teeth of the originator. The scoundrel, whom I came here this morning to chastise, has, I grieve to see, abused your breasts, by infusing therein a calumny of his own supposing; but I hope to be able to prove to you, through him, that such assertions may not be made with impunity.”

When he had concluded this disclaimer, a buzz of remarks flew round amongst his auditors, the result of which he awaited with an erect but much agitated frame.

“You hold a high tone, young man,” observed Tunstall, “but words will not alter facts; the

[251]

gentleman you denounce, deserves our thanks for having brought them to light.”

“Then he, Featherstone, *is*, as I suspected, the hatcher of the lie?” demanded Frederick.

“Not so, Sir,” retorted the other, “rather call him the too clear-sighted detector of an invidious design—” here he was interrupted.

“Tunstall!” cried a voice from the throng, “time is too precious to be thus wasted. A word with you. My lord, have you the goodness to ride this way.”

Obedying this call, these parties, together with a few others, congregated into a circle, apart, and a short conference took place amongst them.

In the interim, Featherstone, who had hitherto kept aloof, or rather, who, from being on foot, had been latterly outridden by his friends, came up, Approaching Frederick, he beckoned him to a trifling distance.

“Mr. Lilburne,” said he, a half repressed smile of triumph lighting up his saturnine countenance, “though the premature appearance of others has prevented our meeting, for

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

which you must blame your own delay, be assured it has only postponed it. For the present, I leave you in proper hands.”

“Poltroon!” repeated our hero, with much

[252]

heat; “you foresaw the interruption, and trusted to it.”

“No by——! not before I had time to chastise your pertness. Harkee, boy! you know little of John Featherstone if you think he could fear a coystil like yourself; that is a fancy I can cure you of at my leisure; meantime I’ll let you run out your tether. When I see my enemy already floundering, neck and heels, in a quagmire, I am content with the sight of such amends, until better be needed. But I perceive you are bursting with some tragedy rant, and I’ve no appetite for’t—so good day to you.”

Thus saying, he cut short any further colloquy, by walking hastily away; whilst, at the same moment, the conference before spoken of came to a termination. The gentlemen closed around Frederick; and the earl, as spokesman for the whole, thus addressed him.

“Mr. Lilburne, disguise or mystery is unnecessary to our noble object. You see before you a number of loyal and honorable gentlemen, and those but the sample of a legion, who are about to raise the standard of our unlawfully deprived monarch, James the Third! (a loud cheer followed the words). You are opposed to our cause,

[253]

and it is said, have not played the part of a fair enemy: but whether or no, the former circumstance alone justifies us in now detaining you; as we cannot doubt that you would employ your liberty in awakening against us a premature opposition. I say a *premature* opposition, for let our strength be but fairly developed, and we fear none.”

“Certainly not, my lord!” broke in the person who had before spoken; “and you will excuse me, if I hold the matter in another light, and say that I think the past conduct of this young man demands, at our hands, some signal mark of indignation.”

“Well! but good Talbot,” said his lordship in answer, “give me leave to wave that consideration. I, for one, am not so fully convinced on that head as you may be. Mr.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Lilburne,” he continued, turning to Frederick, “you must along with us—there is no alternative.” Then speaking in a kindlier accent, he proceeded:— “It were easy to silence aspersion, by doing that which is, in fact, the duty of every English gentleman; I mean, to espouse the cause of your native prince, and accompany us, not in unwilling bonds, but in generous brotherhood.”

This proposal, which the young nobleman made

[254]

rather from the dictation of his heart than his head, proved neither very palatable to his friends nor acceptable to its object. The latter, indeed, felt deeply sensible of the good intentions of the earl, as well as grateful for the hint he had thrown out of disbelieving his dishonor, and the good feeling, which he had originally experienced towards his lordship, became still more intense; but he did not, therefore, suffer himself to be moved. He thanked him in eloquent terms for his implied good opinion, protested his innocence, and even ignorance of any cause why he should forfeit it; and was proceeding to remonstrate against what he termed an ‘unjust detention’ when the impatient murmurs of his hearers drowned further speech. It appeared that all were out of humor, alike with the delay and him who had occasioned it. Cries of “Forward!”—“We have dallied too long.”— “March off the Brunswick hound;” issued from various mouths, and the assemblage began to put itself in motion.

The earl, yielding to the general will, called two of his own servants, and placed Frederick under their charge; whilst others added injunctions for his safe keeping. This done the whole moved off.

Lilburne seeing that, as affairs stood, resistance

[255]

or complaint would be fruitless, submitted to be escorted, as a sort of prisoner, back to the inn where he had passed the night. Here those who had him in charge made a temporary halt, until his horse could be brought out. Whilst that was being done, Featherstone and Shaftoe issued from the stable yard, both well horsed and armed. As they passed

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Frederick to join the cavalcade, they did not scruple to laugh openly at the awkward plight in which he stood; conduct which that young man was not philosopher enough to view with the contempt it merited. The object of the halt being gained, the loiterers quickly followed the train before them.

When a few miles' sharp trotting had allowed our hero to come to himself, he began to take cognizance of those around him. On each side was one of the earl's stout grooms, others of the same household being about. These were, for the most part, mounted on their noble master's sleek-coated, bulky coach horses, all of which appeared to have been put into requisition for this rash and dangerous expedition. A number of other serving men rode before and behind, who, doubtless, taking the cue from their superiors, carolled and joked as if they thought that what they were now about was to lay the foundation of their future fortune.

[256]

From being in the rear of the column, Frederick had a better opportunity of noting the persons of whom it was composed. The important part were all of that class which is, conventionally, denominated respectable, and many exhibited more impossible claims. Lord Derwentwater still continued to keep the lead, attended by a few individuals, differing, in several respects, from the mass of bluff, honest, but middles squires who followed. They were distinguished by a certain travelled and *employé* like air, and some bore an obvious military impress. Of the latter, Featherstone and Shaftoe furnished an inferior specimen. These persons were chiefly discontented half-pay officers and nonjuring clergymen; who, originally acting as emissaries to and from the influential jacobites in London, Scotland, and elsewhere, had been the primary agents for stirring up the now overt defiance of the ruling power.

Whilst ruminating on the serious turn events had taken, and the prompt realization of those fears, which he had seen but too much reason to entertain, it occurred to him, with some surprise, that Mr. Errington was not visible amongst the array. This was a circumstance at which he scarcely knew whether to rejoice or repine; for on

[257]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

the one hand, as a man whom he regarded, his non-committal in a hazardous project was a source of satisfaction; whilst on the other, his presence and testimony might, under the occasion, have come in good stead. Knowing, however, as he did, that gentleman's attachment, not to say intimate relation to the cause for which his fellows were now fairly in the field, he concluded, that some casualty had detained him, but that he would doubtless appear in due time.

From this speculation he allowed himself to be diverted by a colloquy, maintained, over his horse's crupper, between the two servants before mentioned, an ascent in the road causing all to slacken speed.

"Weel, Barty," observed one, "lang leuked for's come at last. We've oft ettled for sic a jog as this, lad."

"Ay! we're fairly knee deep i' beut leather for King Jemmie noo, seer eneugh," returned the other, glancing at his heavy jacks.

"My lord didn't like the greyhound bitch's yowling i' yon way when we cam off."

"Ne—How should he?"

"Aw tell tha what, Bart," resumed the first,

[258]

"aw wadn't care if aw had my awn cuits* cannily under the great ha' teeable ageean."

"Wei, what for, Kit? seer ye ha' not teean the gee†?"

"Ne mair than yersel,' lad. Aw'll gan where'er the yerl directs, an' that's as much man can de; but aw hae my awn thought for a' that."

"Hoot, toot! thou't's a lie-a-bed. Let's get up to Lun'un, an' then, if we think at a', it need onie be hoo to fill wor pouches best. Eh! but canny Tyneside will be set up, wi' now't less than a deeuk at Dils'on, forbye, new lords othergeeats aboot."

"Weel! aw hope it may be se; thof it's ma notion, that if them that's first an' foremost among us tha day, had been left to thersels, the lang tailed roans wad nea hae been saddled for this bout."

"Say ye se—an' how's that, Kit?"

The answer was given in an ambiguous and indistinct way, partly in words, and partly in gesture, so that it was unintelligible to any one but themselves.

“Ou! aw teeak ye,” was the responding

* Feet.

† Lost heart, or changed mind.

[259]

exclamation of Barty. “The gray meeare! ay ay! faix! aw believe ye’re no far wrang: but thor things isn’t for ye an’ me to speak on, se we’ll een had a whisht.”

In compliance with this well timed hint, the loquacious Christopher became silent for a moment: after which he opened upon another course.

“Here’s a few cliver leishin’ fellows amang us,” he began, “forbye, meeast o’ them being born gen’lemen; but think ye, we’ll get monie mair to link on?”

“Monie mair!” iterated Bartholomew, “wei, lad, we’ll ha the flower o’ Northum’erland amang us, or tha day’s oot, that aw’ll be bound for. Hay! Kit, man! aw see ye hae but a poor notion o’ the business.”

“Mebbie aw hev, and mebbies aw hev’n’t,” retorted the other, with a self-satisfied chuckle. “Can ye tell me what’s come o’ Fo’ster? we should ha’ met his party at Greenrig, an’ aw think ye’ll mind that’s ahint backs.”

“That’s nough’ but true; the Lord kens whar he may be, thof aw warn’t not far off.”

“Ye’re a fair Jo’ne Easy, Bart, or ye wadn’t be se seun satisfied. Yon Fo’ster’s a slippery eel, he’ll shew white, or aw’m misteean: but, hay!

[260]

twig ye old stiff rump! see! he’s gaun to hail us.”

The personage thus unceremoniously pointed at was a tall bony old man, with hard iron features; distinguished from others by a broad buff leather belt, from which depended a massive and service like sword. He was stuck bolt upright upon a strong round barrelled horse, which he laboriously strove to cause maintain a high military head. At the time attention is called to him, he had wheeled round from an advanced station, and was gesticulating to those of our rearward party.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Ho! you Barty Burnup, and the rest,” he at length bawled, in a voice that seemed to issue from brazen lungs, “close up to the front, will ye, and keep a sharp eye to the pris’ner.” Then, after waiting to see his order obeyed, he resumed his former place in the column. Whilst this was doing many were the sly jokes played off at the expense of the old trooper, for such he had been; and little disposition did the menial portion of the band, over whom he was placed in a kind of authority, show to acknowledge his sway. The term prisoner, thus tangibly applied to himself, jarred upon the ear of Lilburne, and

[261]

produced some ugly sensations. He began to turn over in his mind the probabilities of his situation. That his enemies, as he was compelled to consider them, should have seen fit timeously to secure one who *might* have anticipated their design, was natural enough; and, had that been all, he would have rested easy in the hope of being liberated as soon as the movement should, in the common course of events, have transpired. But, unhappily for his comfort, there still remained the extraordinary charge made to his disadvantage, rendering it doubtful in what manner they might incline to deal with him. Deeply did he regret the inconsiderate visit to Dilstone, from which, he conceived, had arisen all this mischief. That his appearance there was ill timed and open to misapprehension he could not but allow: nevertheless, he thought himself hardly used, in being so treated upon a bare matter of construction. Nor were immediate, or what, in a hero, must be called vulgar fears, his sole disturbers. The bare idea, that any one should look upon him in the contemptible light those gentlemen seemed to do, was in itself quite insufferable to a man of his high toned principle.

In an uncomfortable mood he, therefore, held on

[262]

his ‘needs must’ journey, until a loud buzz among the foremost of the cavalcade announced the arrival of some event. A glance apprised him of its nature.

On a rising ground in front, and apparently waiting their approach, was stationed a group of horsemen, corresponding in character, though not quite in numbers, with that the

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

reader has accompanied. The two bodies announced their identity of purpose, by cheers and waving of hats, long before they arrived within speaking distance; and when that did occur, their greeting was still more noisily cordial. The individuals of both parties were soon intermingled, and the work of recognition and salutation began. Amidst bursts of mirth, shaking of hands, slapping of shoulders, and other demonstrations of like nature, a few such sentences as the following could be distinguished:

“Ha! Clavering! glad to see you, on my life; prompt for the good old cause, I find.”
“Swinbourne! my fine fellow, how is it with you?” “Famously! this looks like another Chevy Chase, don’t it?” “What! mad Jack! is that you? sure not to miss the chance of a turmoil.” “Old Truepenny! who said he wouldn’t be here?” Is that not Der’ntwater on the gray?” “Yes, a fine example

[263]

he gives to us all.” “King James and old mother church for ever!”
Such and similar were the interchanges which rung upon the tympanum of an auditor, who, though his reason condemned the Shibboleth of the speakers, felt them to be the familiar, but not less genuine ebullitions of a gallant and chivalrous spirit. A prophetic sigh broke from his generous bosom, when he reflected on the possible consequences of the audacious step they were taking. Even the resentment which he had naturally experienced, in return for the unjust suspicions expressed against himself, softened into a regret that there should be any cause of ill blood with gentlemen so honorably devoted.
At the head of the secondary band of cavaliers was a gentleman named Forster, who made a conspicuous figure in the future proceedings of the insurgents. He was member of parliament for the county, and had long been “noted for his violent high church notions, and disposition to intrigue on behalf of the excluded dynasty. Latterly he had fallen under the suspicion of the government; and had, in consequence, been for some time past obliged to conceal himself from arrest.

[264]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

After a long consultation, in which this individual took a principal part, the whole body was put in motion; and taking a northerly direction, commenced march upon a little town, centrically situated, in the wilds of the country.

[265]

CHAPTER XVI.

“The purpouse you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”— *Henry IV.*

BEFORE proceeding further in our story, it will be advisable here to take a glance at the general aspect of the times; thereby a little more fully to elucidate the position of its characters.

The sudden, and then recent, decease of the “good Queen Anne” had overwhelmed all the partisans of the exiled house with confusion and dismay. As long as a princess of the race of Stuart swayed the sceptre of the British islands, the adherents of that family remained comparatively quiescent; confidently anticipating the ultimate succession of the elder branch. The chevalier St. George himself, even, could not be supposed to entertain any very ardent wish to snatch the crown

[266]

from the head of a sister who, there is ample reason to believe, was not inimical to his views. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how, as a woman and a sister, she could be otherwise. It is, in fact, notorious, that during the latter years of her reign, her tory cabinet were engaged in covert intrigues, which had for an object the frustration of the succession act, and the recal of the ancient dynasty.

Hereupon, it may easily be imagined, the queen’s death, at a time when their plants were as yet immature, produced great agitation amongst this party; whilst the speedy arrival

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

and prompt acknowledgment of George the First completed their chagrin, by appearing to close the door to future hope.

The consequence of these events was, that' the feeling in favor of the excluded blood, which had hitherto been smothered in sanguine expectation that *le bon jour viendrait*, maddened under the disappointment, and broke out into overt action in divers shapes. Riots and tumults took place in many of the principal towns; the cry of the church's danger, then, as in later days, the means by which the prejudices of weak minds were entrapped, was industriously raised, and became the means of bringing over to the Jacobite interests many high

[267]

churchmen; who looked upon a popish monarch as a much lesser evil than the triumph of sectarianism and liberality. Not that those were then, any more than at present, convertible terms; or that we think them calculated to advance together *pari passu*; but, simply, that the ultras of that day detested alike the one and the other.

Most of the ancient nobility were known to be favorable to the views of this party, however unwilling they might be to risk life and fortune, by unequivocally committing themselves in its behalf. Added to the above, great numbers of the young and hot-brained, led away by a chivalrous and excusable commiseration for royalty in misfortune, were eager and prepared to destroy the existing government; substituting another which had already been tried and found wanting. This they contemplated in a spirit uninfluenced by a single consideration connected with those common benefits and practical securities, for which all government is -designed, and upon its adaptation to which alone depends its legitimacy. In those days the march of mind (we compound for a sneer) had but commenced with the million. The divine and indefeasible right of the monarch was allowed and revered by numbers. More attention was

[268]

paid to the name of the ruler than to the duties and observances, the framework of expediency, that constitutes the happiness of the ruled. Men are, and always have been,

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

the slaves of custom, and weak minds are inclined to repose themselves upon data which have already been accumulated. Of this disposition the interested have, from time to time, made ample use; and the 'wisdom of our ancestors' has been made to do for the reason what Sancho Panza says sleep does for the body, "cover it all over as with a cloak." Now, really, unless that much hacknied phrase be used by way of *lucus a non lucendo*, it is difficult to discover why it should be used at all. Much merit is indeed claimed on behalf of our forefathers, for Magna Charta and a few other statutes; but it would appear, on a cool examination, that those salutary provisions were the result of a temporary clash of circumstances, and might rather be deemed to have forced themselves out of the times, than to have sprung from any effort of 'wisdom,' exercised for the benefit of posterity. Not, however, that these time-hallowed legacies are to be depreciated; that would be being ungracious towards positive blessings. No, the abuse of the thing is, that the respect entertained for a few really valuable

[269]

charters of antiquity is appealed to, in aid of all the monstrous anomalies which have collaterally descended to us; and which, from their number and absurdity, give us a fairer plea to speak of the folly, than the 'wisdom' of our rude progenitors.

Lest some should think we have gone out of our way to make the above observations, we hasten to remark that it was, no doubt, owing to a modification of this respect for antiquity, that a great part, even of the protestant population, entertained a warm heart towards the 'Pretender' as a certain personage was designated by the then dominant power.

To return to facts; it having now become obvious to the Jacobites that they could no longer hope to attain their object by court intrigue, a disposition to arms began to manifest itself. Active communications were kept up betwixt the disaffected in various parts of the kingdom, and the leading factionaries in London and abroad. The country was traversed in every direction by emissaries, who spared no pains to confirm the ardor of their party. Northumberland, Lancashire, and several parts of Scotland were more especially the localities of intrigue; these parts being abundantly filled with malcontents.

[270]

The torch was at length placed to the inflammable train, by the Earl of Mar; who, proceeding into his own district of the Scottish Highlands, called together his friends and dependants, and publicly proclaimed the representative of the Stuarts, King, by the name of James the Third (of Scotland). This occurred in the month of September, 1715, and formed the signal for correspondent movements on the borders of both countries: of which latter alone, the details come within the scope of the present story.

The gentry of Northumberland, who became so deeply involved in the transactions of this juncture, however well they were avowedly inclined towards the cause for which they took arms, were certainly hurried prematurely into that act. The manner of it was this. Lord Derwentwater, Forster, of Bambrough, and other influential persons, being threatened with arrest for treasonable practices, and finding it irksome to remain longer in peril, were pressed to consult present safety, by at once taking some decided step. With this view, a secret meeting of their adherents was held, at which it was determined forthwith to take the field. To this they were the more disposed, as similar resolutions had already been

[271]

acted upon in the neighboring counties of Scotland; and it was therefore unanimously agreed, that they should operate in conjunction with their fellow borderers.

It may here be observed, that the adventurous individuals who committed themselves in this disastrous affair, were also much influenced by the hope of foreign aid; a hope which was never realized. Whether this arose from the lukewarmness, or from the crooked policy of the continental courts looked to, it is not essential to inquire. Certain however it is, that had any considerable body of troops been landed, sufficient to have given a guarantee to the timid and doubtful, the issue of this rebellion might have been very different.

In consequence of what passed at the meeting above-mentioned, on the following morning, which was that of the sixth of October, a number of gentlemen and their

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

dependants, met in arms at the appointed rendezvous. Amongst these, the most prompt were the young Earl and his immediate friends.

Early in the morning of this day, the nobleman left his hall of Dilstone, to join his neighbours in this unhappy attempt.

[272]

The eve of a great occasion is ever invested, by the simple and superstitious, with a fair compliment of signs and omens. It may, therefore, readily be supposed that the departure of his lordship from the home of his fathers, a home to which he never returned, would possess its due share. Tradition accordingly says, that on his quitting the court-yard, on this eventful morning, his favorite dog howled and rent the air with lamentations; that, ere he had ridden far, his horse became restive, and could with difficulty be made to proceed; and, thirdly, (mystic number) he soon afterwards discovered that he had lost a highly prized ring which he constantly wore, it having been given to him by his revered grandmother. These may be considered vulgar matters, and perhaps they are; such, however, without vouching for their accuracy, are the tales handed down amidst the peasantry of the neighborhood.

The earl was joined on his route by most of the circumjacent franklins, and proceeded to a place called Greenrig, for the purpose of meeting Forster and his party. On arriving there, they learnt that the cautious gentleman had removed to a more commanding ground, from which he might the better distinguish the approach of friends or foes.

[273]

Here they eventually united with him in the manner described in a foregoing passage.

From Waterfalls, for such was the name of this latter place, the incipient rebels, bearing Lilburne in their train, pursued the way towards Rothbury, a retired mountain-locked village, situated in the very heart of Northumberland. The object in repairing thither was, doubtless, partly to be nearer to the Scottish border, and partly to take a position where they could conveniently be joined by their friends in the northern extremity of the country.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

The road (by courtesy) lay through a wild and unfrequented tract of country, and was, moreover, so hilly as to keep them continually either on the ascent or descent. Their passage through a region so dreary and remote was equally silent and undisturbed. The “isca” of the solitary shepherd encouraging his dog would, indeed, occasionally be heard; and perhaps a stray rustic would here and there appear, to gape with wonder at such an unwonted assemblage of ‘quality folk’ but these summed up all.

During the day the number of the party was swelled by the frequent junction of single gentlemen and their servants; who either had exerted

[274]

speed to overtake them, or were met issuing from the cross roads. At several mansions, which lay upon the route, they halted until the owners, if backward, could be prevailed on to take to horse. Thus they proceeded in boisterous spirits, until the fatigues of the day began to throw a languor over their hitherto excited minds, as well as bodies. The uneven country and heavy roads too began to show effect in the blown and smoking cattle of many. It was therefore with genuine satisfaction that, as the shades of evening began to encroach on the eastern sky, they found themselves descending the last steep hill which divided them from their place of immediate destination. From the slopes of Whitton was beheld the romantic little town they sought, fronting them in the vale below. Thence too could well be traced the course of the limpid Coquet, on which it sat.

A short space of time brought them to the bridge, which was to be crossed ere the village could be entered. Here they were met by numbers of the rural population, most of whom looked on with wonder and alarm. With alarm, not because they were inimical to the rumoured design of the strangers; but simply from that petty dismay which men generally feel on witnessing any

[275]

thing likely to compromise their own proper comfort. But as they advanced into the place, and the first dash of apprehension had subsided, they received the greetings of the town’s-people, exchanging with the latter divers familiar party cries. A few minutes

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

more, and Rothbury was filled with the rebel gentry and their followers. To secure quarters for the night became the most momentous object with the generality, and consequently, much bustle and confusion ensued. The few houses of entertainment that the place contained were speedily occupied, and those who were too late there to find reception, necessarily sought accommodation amongst the villagers.

Whilst this was going on our *détenu* stood by his dismounted steed, at some loss which way to act. He was too much hemmed around to warrant an attempt to extricate himself; and yet, at the same time, he was left disregarded to a degree which seemed to invite it. The neglect, however, was as brief as it was casual; for presently Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Tunstall came up to him.

“Mr. Lilburne,” said the former, “I regret that the determination of my friends should have charged me with so unpleasing a task, but so it

[276]

must be. I mean, Sir, that I shall be compelled to place you under guard for the night.”

“I have no alternative, my Lord,” returned Frederick, “but to submit to your behests. At the same time I must again protest against the unhandsome treatment I have experienced.”

“Pho! pho! Mr. Lilburne,” observed Tunstall, “you are a young man, it is true, but you are old enough to know that, embarked in the way we are, we cannot afford to chop logic upon every act expediency may dictate.”

“Truly! if many be of this complexion, I can very easily believe you;” retorted our hero.

Tunstall was about to make an angry rejoinder, when he was restrained by a deprecating look from the earl; and turned carelessly away to speak to Captain Shaftoe, who then chanced to be at hand.

At the same moment a gaunt figure, which Frederick recognized to be that of the old trooper, once before noticed as exercising some little command during the march, presented himself before Lord Derwentwater. This man had *served* during the greater part of his life, and had at one time attained the rank of quartermaster in a regiment of dragoons; but being discharged, became, in

[277]

some way not necessary to be detailed, a dependant on this nobleman's bounty, and was, consequently, one of the first to volunteer to follow him in this ill considered business. Coming now in front of his patron, he made him an elaborate military salute, and then demanded what might be his pleasure.

"I want you, Stokoe," said his lordship, "in order to commit to your management a trust, for which you are better fitted than any other man amongst us. You are already aware that we have reasons for detaining this gentleman in close custody. To you I intend to give him in charge for the night. Wilson, my groom, will show you to the house of a widow named Moffat, whither you will conduct Mr. Lilburne, and remain yourself, until further orders."

The quartermaster listened with the most profound attention until his lordship had concluded; then, repeating his former reverence, declared his prompt acquiescence in the duty imposed upon him.

"And harkee! Stokoe," resumed the earl, "you will observe that your only duty is to see to the safety of Mr. Lilburne's person; in other respects you will afford him every due consideration."

[278]

Then, turning to Frederick, he continued, "I will myself visit your quarters early in the morning, and enter more fully into your concerns, which, believe me, I am not less anxious to have arranged than you can be—for the present, Sir, good even."

The 'good even' was dryly reiterated by Tunstall, and these two were moving off, when an observation from Shaftoe detained them.

"Gentlemen," said he, stepping forward, "D' ye think this person will be quite safe in the care of old Stokoe? for my part I have my doubts. The quartermaster *has been* a sure hand, *that* I dare say; but he's now rather the worse for wear; and besides, loves the clink of the pottle pot."

"What then would Captain Shaftoe recommend to be done?" demanded Lord Derwentwater, with a degree of petulance unusual in him.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“I would only say, my Lord, that I know a stout fellow in the village here, who, at a word, would assist Stokoe in his wardership.”

“I see little occasion; but if *you* choose to take the trouble of seeking out the man, there can be no objection to your employing him.”

“Truly, my Lord,” observed Tunstall, “I am inclined to think that Shaftoe’s suggestion has prudence on its side.”

[279]

“Oh! then by all means let it be followed up,” was his lordship’s affectedly careless answer; after giving which, he walked away, as if wearied of the affair. He was followed by Tunstall.

Shaftoe remained a few moments behind, inquiring the situation of their intended quarters; of that informed, he also left them, no doubt to go in search of his supernumerary myrmidon.

The officious interference of this man might have been endured by Lilburne with indifference, had he not seen in it the working of his malicious enemy Featherstone, of whom he knew Shaftoe to be but the tool. As it was, so paltry an attempt to increase the irksomeness of his situation, did not fail to add to the sum of disgust he entertained towards its supposed originator.

One of the earl’s grooms having pointed out to his custodier the house of the aforesaid Mrs. Moffat, they left the horses in his charge, and bent their steps thither.

[280]

CHAPTER XVII.

“The silver moon illumines the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade”— *White*.

“ ‘Twas but by treachery thou laidst me low.”—*Byron*.

As Frederick and the old trooper shouldered together through the noisy street, the latter, whilst he ostentatiously displayed the cocked pistol, which he bore against emergencies, kept grumbling and muttering to himself in a tone of great dissatisfaction.

“Humph!” he ejaculated; “only to think o’ such a scurvy screwbado as bully Shaftoe, doubting the steadiness of an old Black Horseman; d—n his blood. What would Cutts the salamander have said to such a fellow? He a soldier! Why he’s not even fit to beat a tent in a shower. Then

[281]

I’m too fond of the pottle pot, am I? B’ the Lord! for the matter o’ that, we may shake hands up to the elbows.” In such disjointed sentences he gave vent to his spleen, until the door of their purposed lodging presented itself.

It was not until they had knocked more than once that the widowed occupant answered their summons. It appeared, that alarmed at the irruption of so many reckless strangers into the village, she had closed the door to escape the favor of a visit. Finding, however, that they had been recommended thither by Lord Derwentwater, and seeing one of them to be a gentleman, she consented to receive both into the house.

This person, a woman respectable enough in her way, like many others of the place, gained a livelihood by letting her best room, during the summer, to invalids, of whom numbers resort to Rothbury, for the benefit of mountain air. Into that room, fortunately vacant, Frederick was immediately inducted. It was situated above the ordinary room of the family, and could only be reached from thence by a short flight of stairs, which terminated therein. The quartermaster seeing that the upper chamber had no other outlet save this; and that, moreover, the window was so

[282]

constructed, as to be quite impassable, abandoned to him the undisturbed possession of it, relying on his own presence below as a sufficient guarantee for his safe keeping.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

Before all was arranged and Frederick left entirely to himself, a coarse, red-faced, brawny fellow, whose naturally truculent appearance was increased by the loss of his dexter eye, entered, and announced himself as Stokoe's coadjutor in the duty of watch and ward. His greasy habiliments, and the coarse woollen apron folded round his middle, proclaimed his occupation to be that of a butcher. This worthy ascended to the head of the staircase, and from thence insolently reconnoitred Lilburne's person, either for the purpose of being satisfied as to his actual presence, or with the view of marking his identity. This done, he rejoined his associate in the kitchen. They shortly betook themselves to a hearty meal, not omitting, however, to make their prisoner an offer of participation. In return for this civility, which he did not accept, he sent them a *douceur* they, doubtless, found very acceptable, at the same time, requesting his hostess to furnish him with such refreshment as she could command; a duty that she ultimately discharged tolerably to his satisfaction.

[283]

By the time that he had appeased an unchameleon-like appetite, and recovered, in some degree, from the fatigues of the late ride, the evening was pretty far advanced. As he sat brooding over the events of the day, he felt his predicament far from an enviable one. That any positive violence would be offered to his person, he refused to fear; the character of Lord Derwentwater, and the amiable disposition he had shown towards him, forbade such apprehension. Yet hints had been thrown out, of a purpose ulterior to that of mere temporary detention, which, together with the obnoxious character of his connections, and the enemies he seemed to have amongst the rebel party, warranted serious anticipations. Altogether, there was motive enough to cause him to wish himself fairly out of their hands, and to dispose him, should an opportunity present itself, to attempt an escape. Such an event would, at any rate, relieve him from present inconvenience; and an appeal to Mr. Errington and his uncle, at a future time, suffice to clear his disputed honor. He was the more invited towards this train of reflection, in that he knew Cramlingdon to be but a few miles distant, and, therefore, within the compass of a moderate walk.

These ruminations were ultimately brought to a

[284]

close, by the noise of a loud altercation, arising from the room below. As the parties there seemed entirely engrossed with the turmoil, the idea of stealing off during its continuance, shot into his mind. He instantly proceeded to make a survey of the chances; which we, at the same time, will lay before the reader.

The flight of steps, by which his room was attained, descended, as will be recollected, into the kitchen, now a 'court of guard' terminating near the door thereof; but leaving an intervening space of several feet to be passed ere a person quitting the lowest step, could reach the covert of the passage into which it opened. These stairs were screened from top to bottom, by a frail wooden partition; which, consequently, reduced the grand difficulty of the exploit, to the transit above-mentioned. That achieved, it were comparatively easy, under the shelter of a dark passage, to essay the outer door; if it proved fastened, there was an end of the matter; if, on the contrary, there were means of opening it, those means might be successfully used. True, there was a risk of noise from a grating lock, or rusty hinge; but then, before the watchers could take advantage of it, considerable way might be made through the now deserted street.

[285]

A glance sufficed to bring all this to our hero's comprehension; and he accordingly lay wait for a favorable conjuncture, wherein to make the trial. Opening his door softly, and moving with noiseless caution, he gained the middle of the stairs, where he stood, marking through the numerous crannies of the crazy partition, the disposition of the enemy. Stokoe and his temporary compeer, whose name was Hockel, were seated at opposite sides of a small table, whereon stood liquor and tobacco. Betwixt these was maintained a discordant jangle, in which the loud imperative notes of the quartermaster constituted a bold tenor, and the deep growling of the butcher, a thorough bass. In the chimney comer, at some distance, sat Mrs. Moffat, busily employed at her spinning-wheel. This man Hockel, was a snarling brutal fellow; even amongst his own associates much disliked for a captious spirit and a venomous propensity to sarcasm. He possessed one of those soured minds that fancy it sagacity to call in question another's tale, and

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

make a saucy incredulity supply the place of real discernment. This disposition the *fanfarronade* of our quartermaster had called into full play; and, it must be confessed, more legitimately than usual. Thence irritated, the original

[286]

jealousy with which Stokoe had viewed the association of the other in office, broke out in explosions of noisy ill humour. The brawl, for it could not be called conversation, appeared to the listening Frederick, to turn on the veteran's share in the present insurrection.

"I first drew whinyard," he cried, "for old King Jemmie. I sarved his daughter that's dead and gone—and now, I buckle on, wi' a willing heart, for the son an' the brother."

"An' what did ye meak o' yersel i' King Willie's time?" put in the butcher.

"King Willie was a soldier, every inch: I fought wi' him at Steenkirk."

"But ye ken he was ne frien' te the au'd blood," observed the other, mischievously; "'twas him drov King Jemmie ower sea."

"What o' that? 'Sblood! what o' that?" blustered the old-trooper; not however very well prepared to meet the exposition he invited.

"Wei! nowgh' but this—that aw thought them that stood by the yen, could ha' little skeel o' the t'uther."

"Phoo, phoo! I was only a green hoyt at the time, an' followed my colors, as a soldier should. Besides, I could do no better, as things went."

[287]

"Then mebbie ye'll fight for King George niest—when ye can de ne better like:" spluttered Hockel, provokingly.

"Damme! what d'ye mean?" stormed the quartermaster; "d'ye think I'm a turncoat? Lookee! mister, my friend, I follow my Lord Dern'water, who's done more for me than either King or Kaiser; for he took me up where they laid me down. As to the Duke o' Bruns'ick, I never yet broke his bread, and never will." Here his fist saluted the table with a heavy thump.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“Ho! then,” rejoined he of the cleaver, with a grin; “Aw spouse, if my lord puts his neck in a tow, ye’ll put yo’rs in anuther for comp’ny’s seeak.”

“You suppose!” iterated the now irate trooper, with a contemptuous drawl. “You’ve no right to suppose any thing, but your own thick hide’s acquaintance wi’ the cobbing board. A hob-nailed ignor—animus talk to a man that’s seen the world. A loblob question an old soldier that remembers Hockstedt and Ramillie; by — it’s gruel too hot for swallowing.”

“Coom, coom, Mister Sargeant—”

“Sargeant! me no sargeants,” interrupted Stokoe, furiously, at the same time dashing down his pipe, and rising from his chair with a threatening

[288]

demonstration: “I’ve been a quartermaster in the Black Horse; and may — curse me, if I be called past my name by ever a damned blenking kill-calf in all Croakum-shire.”

This taunt at his visual defect roused the gall of goodman Steel. His remaining orb, as if in anger at the slight cast upon its absent fellow, assumed a fearful roll. Starting, like the other, to his feet, he repaid the civility in language which we prefer leaving to the imagination. An equally nervous retort followed from the other side, and peace being given to the winds, the parties joined issue across the table, precisely in the manner of Peachum and Locket at the Haymarket. Dame Moffat, now thoroughly alarmed, as much, perhaps, for the fate of the brittle ware before them, as for any thing more seemingly ostensible, quitted her wheel, and ran screaming to interpose between the enraged belligerents. The back of the woman was towards Frederick; so, by good luck, was the blind side of Hockel: as for the doughty hero of the Black Horse, he was too wrathfully bent to see any object but his adversary.

This then was the opportune moment for our *perdu* observant:—a light step— a bound on tiptoe—and he was past the dreaded isthmus.

[289]

Concealed from view under the obscurity of the outer passage, it only remained now to open the street door, which he found secured by a bolt only. This the scuffle in the

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

adjoining kitchen enabled him to draw without detection; and, in another instant, he was at liberty in the open air. It chanced, unfortunately, that the house he had quitted was situated at the end of the village opposite to that nearest Cramlingdon; so that he must proceed along its whole extent ere he got fairly *en route*. The evil of this was enhanced by the unseasonable brilliance of the moon, then throwing a flood of light over the open street. The rude sterile hills, which enclosed and overtopped the town, were cast into alternate masses of silvery light and sombre shade; their bold outlines standing in the strong relief such a light best produces. All was quiet; and the whole scene one which, in a less anxious moment, he would have paused and dwelt on with enjoyment. At present he had no thought but for immediate cares. His first object was to seek the shady side of the way; then to stride on with all the rapidity prudence would allow. The only observation to which he found himself liable was that of some weary, or idle serving-men, of whom here and there one loitered about

[290]

the entrance to his master's lodging, waiting until it should please the latter to find his way from the orgies of the tavern. A sample of such jolly squires he indeed met reeling homewards, so to speak, heated with wine and loyalty; but no ill effects resulted from the collision.

The general stillness of the night was occasionally broken by a burst of revelry from one or other of the houses of entertainment; the vicinage of which was always the signal for him to move with increased speed and caution. Stealing along under the eaves of the principal inn a clear mellow voice struck upon his ear, singing, with great energy, a favorite party song of the period. He recognised it immediately as that of Charles Wogan. All was bushed within; so sweet was the melody, so imposing the occasion, that, spite of prudence, he could almost have lingered to listen, but that its speedy conclusion removed the temptation. A tumultuous shout of applause followed, which caused him to hasten on precipitately, fearing that it might be the harbinger of a general breaking up.

In this manner, as it appeared, did those thoughtless gentlemen, though life and fortune were perilled for a desperate cause, drown all dread of failure in present indulgence and flattering self-delusion.

[291]

At length Frederick cleared the habitations that contained his enemies; and, to his great satisfaction, saw an unobstructed course before him. The path he followed led romantically along the brink of the Coquet, overhung by stern looking heights. This he followed until he arrived near where the channel of that mountain stream, contracted in a singular manner betwixt confining rocks, narrows to such a degree as to admit of being leapt across. At this place his progress was arrested by the discovery a bend in the path unexpectedly enabled him to make, which was no other than that the said unaccommodating track was already occupied, possibly, by an enemy. Pursuing a natural impulse, he concealed himself under the shade of the impending bank, and from thence took more detailed note of the approaching danger. He soon found it to consist in the advance of a single individual of tall stature, evidently not a rustic. The moon's rays fell softly upon the stranger's erect trunk; his gait was familiar—he drew nearer—a keener regard and recognition followed;—'twas Featherstone! Yes, it was his maligner, his unprovoked abuser, who thus unconsciously moved towards him, pacing leisurely in solitary rumination. Prudence struggled for a

[292]

moment with the rising passion that swelled in Frederick's bosom; but the recollection that he must make up his mind either to face this man boldly, or retire and seek positive concealment, decided the point. His pride could ill endure the idea of skulking from the view of any man, much less this.

He now considered it fortunate that, owing to the excitement which flushed all minds during the past day, it had been forgotten to disarm him, and that, consequently, he was still in possession of his sword. An oversight less to be wondered at, when it is borne in mind that, in those days, a hanger was the ordinary and unregarded appendage of every gentleman. If, therefore, Featherstone was armed, so was he. No one appeared near—they were man to man—could opportunity serve better? it could not. At least so thought

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

Frederick, and took his resolution accordingly; for, quitting the obscurity in which he had hitherto stood, he strode forward, with undaunted front, to meet his avowed foeman.

Featherstone, who had deserted the body of unthinking wassailers at the inn, and sallied out more to indulge his own moody spirit, than to enjoy the beauty of the night, came on with a slow and

[293]

measured step. His eyes were cast on the ground, and his thoughts apparently so much engrossed, that he did not perceive our hero until the latter halted directly in his front.

“Who the devil,” he was beginning, but, on a second look, stopped short; then exclaiming, in an altered and surprised manner, “is it possible? —Lilburne?”

“Ay, the same!—What, I suppose you did not expect chastisement to be so near?” said Frederick, giving him a look of contemptuous defiance.

Featherstone, now recovered from his first discomfiture, drew up his tall person to its fullest height, and, with his habitual coolness, sneeringly retorted, “Does Master Lilburne fancy that *his* presence can conjure up such an idea?”

“No matter for my thoughts, Sir; my acts shall presently realize it. I have but just escaped a durance which I owe to you, and am not willing to remain debtor for it.”

“Well met then, man. You’ve crossed one that’ll both settle the old, and open a new account; for, I promise you, if I don’t let the moonlight peep too far into your calico body, you shall troop back the road you came.”

“Captain Featherstone,” cried the other, in a

[294]

voice hoarse with emotion, “I have only one way to answer you. Draw, Sir! draw at once—my blood boils in my veins while I look upon you.”— So saying, he threw his hat upon the ground, and, baring his weapon, stood prepared for action.

“Patience! you’ll not find me the man to balk your humor,” returned the captain, coolly unsheathing his toledo; “I’ve tamed wilder colts in my day. You seem wondrous eager for

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

a pass to kingdom come. Has young Ratcliffe's better luck put you out of humor with yourself and the world likewise?"

This latter allusion was made with much sarcastic meaning; and the young man, upon whom its point was not lost, shook with ill concealed agitation.

"Low-bred ruffian," he cried, "cease your idle taunts—to action—to action."

Featherstone accordingly, without further words, presented his point, and both stood a moment in breathless concentration of faculty previous to deadly assault.

What passes in the world for a virtue, under the denomination of courage, is generally either the result of indurated nerves, or of confidence in the possession of superior strength or address. Many

[295]

actions, which have been extolled to the skies as noble and heroic, were, in reality, mere displays of brute strength. The courage of Feathers tone was of this character, and partook of all the ingredients above distinguished. His nerves were rendered callous by familiarity with danger, his person was sinewy and powerful, and he was master of his weapon. Nevertheless, though possessing so ample a share of this common species of valor, he had none of that straight forward bull-dog pugnacity which often accompanies it; but, from system, never omitted to circumvent and injure his enemy by every indirect means in his power. Our hero, likewise constitutionally brave, was moreover imbued with that really noble, that legitimately termed courage, which, free from ferocity, arises out of a keen sense of the behests of honor and manhood.

The circumstances in which the two were now placed must always be excessively trying. Breasting the naked steel of a resolved opponent, whom you know you must either send to his last account, or prepare to render up your own; conscious that a stumbling foot, a wavering eye, or an unsteady hand may involve horrid defacement, if not death itself, is a position fraught with thrilling, with

[296]

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

with awful sensations. Featherstone and Lilburne were men, and felt as men ever must at such a time,— but they quailed not. The pause we have described sustained only for a moment—they rushed to a collision. No time was wasted in parade of rapier skill. Thrust followed thrust with unceasing rapidity, and was parried on either side in a manner which showed neither to be mean swordsmen. Featherstone had more imperturbed precision; therefore, in that point, might be said to hold an advantage: but the other pressed him, on his side, with a promptness and vigor which put it severely to the test. Twice did they, by mutual consent, pause to recover breath, without the scale of ultimate success having been disturbed in its equilibrio. A third time they renewed the contest, with diminished science perhaps, but heightened inveteracy. Frederick grew steadier as the combat lengthened, but not so his antagonist, who having evidently expected an easy victory, lost his temper under the disappointment. The former, seeing this, roused up all his energies, and, opportunity serving, put in practice a decisive *coup* of which he was master. The issue was happy—he jerked his adversary’s sword suddenly from his hand. On this mishap Featherstone, uttering a suppressed execration,

[297]

recoiled backward several paces, assuming a deprecating attitude, as if disposed to plead for mercy. Our victorious hero, pressing upon him with levelled blade, would soon have wound up his earthly career, but that, staggered by the other’s ambiguous manner, he stayed his humane and reluctant hand in its swift purpose.

“Braggart!” he exclaimed, “you beg your life then?”

Just at this crisis, the jocund voices of a merry party, approaching from the village, were heard; and the circumstance threw him, for a moment, off his guard. Featherstone, who had all the while been feigning for some such chance, seized the opening, and darting upon the umquhill conqueror, succeeded in grappling his rapier. A direful struggle now ensued; on the one hand to obtain, on the other to retain the important weapon. They tugged—they wrestled—they writhed—for some time without effect: meanwhile the strolling revellers drew palpably nearer. Both redoubled their efforts, the one from the brutal desire of dealing upon his adversary, before interposition could arrive; the other, because he saw that a second danger would result from a prolonged detention.

[298]

at length prevailed. Swinging his body suddenly round, and throwing, at the same moment, his hold upon the disputed steel over his shoulder, he brought his whole weight to bear upon it in one powerful wrench, which compelled the other to relinquish his grasp. The tables were now turned; Frederick was wounded and thrown to the ground, and his ferocious assailant would have repeated his first ineffectual thrust, with better aim, had not his arm been stayed by one of the party, of whose approach notice has before been taken.

The interposer proved to be Charles Ratcliffe, who with Wogan and a few other young men, had sallied forth to cool their distempered heads in a moonlight ramble.

“Hold!” cried the first named gentleman, moving between Featherstone and his design. “Surely enough has been done to satisfy honor—if, indeed, *honor* have any thing to do with the matter.”

“Methinks, Mr. Ratcliffe might have spared his *if*” retorted the captain, roughly. “Let him use his eyes.” Here he motioned to Frederick, whom some of the others were now assisting to raise.

“I know nothing of Captain Featherstone which should make me trim my opinions,” was the young

[299]

gentleman’s answer. “But who, after all, have we here? Mr. Lilburne! this is very strange!”

“Not so, young Sir,” observed Featherstone; “when a prisoner, in the act of flying, meets one whose duty it is to detain him, such a result is *not* strange.”

Our hero, whose chief wound being only a flesh one, was sufficiently himself to catch the purport of this speech; and felt indignant at the color Featherstone attempted thus to put upon the transaction.

The Salamanca Corpus: Derwentwater. Vol. 1. (1830)

“That I have endeavored to escape from an unlawful detention,” he began, struggling with faintness, “is a fact I have no occasion to deny; but for this man, I *sought* him, and would again seek him, to obtain reparation for the scandal of which I believe him to be the author. Well he knows that but for a paltry shuffle, I would this night have chastised him to the full.” He would have spoke further, but those around seeing his incapacity, restrained the inclination.

“It is allowed him who plays the losing game to complain and indulge his spleen,” observed Featherstone, with provoking carelessness. “It is not, however, necessary that the winner should remain to listen. Gentlemen, I give ye a good

[300]

night” So saying, he settled his sword in its sheath and moved away.

The remaining gentleman then proceeded to support Frederick back to the Tillage; he laboring under the impression of very poignant feelings. In spite of all his good sense, he experienced a load of chagrin, in the knowledge that Charles Ratcliffe had been a witness to his defeat. Nay, so far did it extend, that it almost overpowered the sense of gratitude which he, under other auspices, must have entertained for a man who had, in a manner, saved his life. Whence such a morbid state of feeling arose must be sought only of *le petit Dieu des amours*.

In a short time he was again re-instated in his former lodgings at the house of Dame Moffat; and the village Esculapius being roused from his *otium*, his hurts were duly attended to. The night having far advanced, he was immediately after left to seek that repose he so much needed.

We may not here omit to say, that the quartermaster and his compeer soon heard of his recapture, and quickly returned to their post, both bearing frontal indications of their late strife. As it transpired, they had persisted in hostilities until the landlady, despairing of the case, rushed up

[301]

stairs to call in the aid of him she supposed to be there; and returning, announced that the bird was flown. That intelligence cooled the rage of these fierce Paladins, and diverted

The Salamanca Corpus: *Derwentwater*. Vol. 1. (1830)

their ardor into a new channel. The trooper blustered—the butcher spluttered, and both united in a futile search about the premises, in which not succeeding, they had proceeded to give the information to their superiors, when their charge was restored in the manner we have seen.

END OF VOL. I.

C. Whittingham, 21, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane, London